THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JAN. 12, '07 — 5c. THE COPY

The Curtis
Publishing Company

Are You Opinionated?

You ought to be.
Especially about flour.
Many blame the oven-
Many blame the cook-
All the time it's apt
to be the flour.
Give a carpenter rusty nails-
dull saws - nicked chisels!
Ask him for good work!
It's just as absurd to
expect good work of a
cook if she has poor flour.
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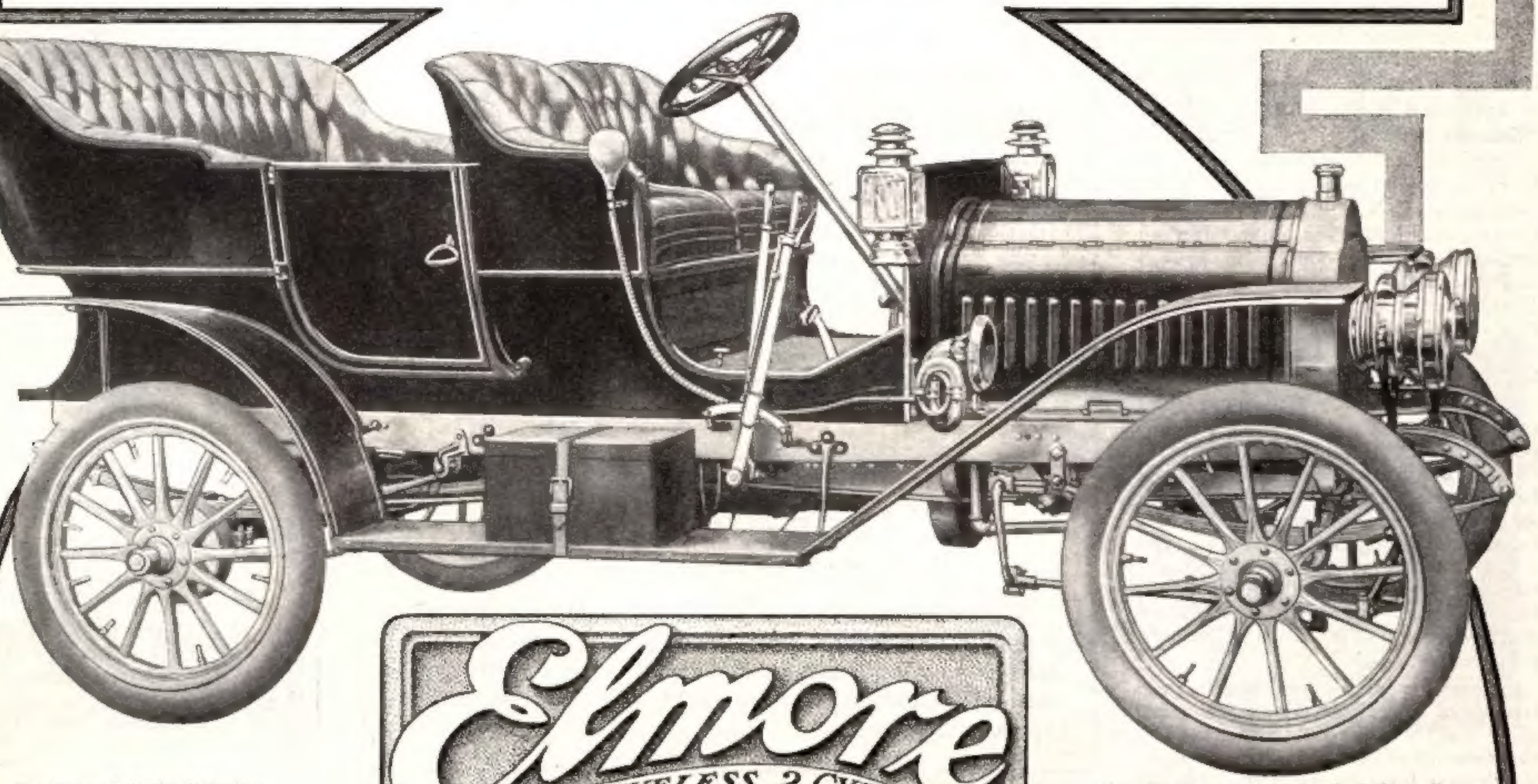

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The Three Cylinder Valveless Two-Cycle Elmore, $1,750.00 F. O. B. Factory.

The Elmore equipment includes oil lamps, tail lamps, acetylene lights and generator.

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The limit of its development therefore has been reached — because no further progress can come in the building of gas engines except through increased simplicity.

"Two-cycle" and "simplicity" are synonymous, just as "four cycle" and "simplicity" are antagonistic — and when you go further and get a two cycle engine which is likewise valveless you have attained the very essence of simplicity and progress.

At the very beginning, the owner of a Valveless Two-Cycle Elmore can operate his car with success and without the aid of a mechanical engineer.

For the first time you can buy in the Valveless Two-Cycle Elmore a car in which the drudgery of maintaining a large number of complicated parts is eliminated — and the necessity of absolute accuracy in setting the valves done away with by doing away with the valves themselves. Every owner of a Valveless Two-Cycle Elmore, as a result of the continuous torque or turning power, and the absence of all valves, cams and attendant mechanisms, enjoys an ease and luxury of operation which you simply cannot appreciate or understand if you run a four cycle car.

The use of the two cycle principle alone does not entirely explain the extraordinary success of the Elmore — it is the two-cycle engine supplemented by the elimination of the valves which produces such remarkable results all over the country.

The advantage in the manipulation of the Elmore is so marked; the absence of valves removes such a tremendous element of trouble; continuous application of power produces such an amazingly rhythmic motion; the cost of operation (50 owners in one city testify a monthly average expense of up-keep of $1.20 for 10 months) is so astonishingly low — that your choice of a Valveless Two-Cycle Elmore in preference to any other car made really simmers down to the question of whether you will give it the chance by demonstration to prove its superiority.

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The genuine goods can be readily identified by the trade-mark of the Chocolate Girl (which is borne on every wrapper) and by the place of manufacture—Dorchester, Mass.

A copy of a new and very attractive little book containing a choice collection of recipes by Miss Parloa and many of the leading cooking school teachers in this country will be sent free to any applicant.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Trace of Poison

By Robert Herrick

Wrong begets wrong. It is a fine perception of this which has led Robert Herrick, one of our greatest realistic novelists, to write this short story that deals with a great national evil and a great personal temptation, and that we are soon to publish.

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THE PRIVATE WIRE

In Which the Occasional Offender Plays at Diamond Cut Diamond

By ARTHUR STRINGER

IT WASN'T until Dinney and I had divvied our swag that I wanted to travel Eastward. I always weaken on the West that way, once I've got money. I never could say just why or how it was. But I suppose most dogs go home to bury their bone! I began to get homesick and peevish for New York. I ached for a sight of that old crust-thrower of a city, where its skyscraper teeth bit up into the morning smoke, and it seemed to whisper, with one eye winked: "Feed me, or I'll feed on you!" I wanted to see it laugh and shake behind its sly old rags; I wanted to hear its eternal whine for more gold, and its growls and oaths against the arm of the law. I wanted to get a sniff of the Rialto dust again, of the crowds by day and the lamps by night, of the bustle and stir of Broadway, with its crazy and solemn and tangled and happy-go-lucky bubbling of life. My ears seemed to ache for its street-sounds, its roar of wheels, its clatter of hoofs, its tinkle and clang of bells, its whine of engines, its drone of power, its show of wealth, its rumble and roar of Hunger.

"I want it all, Dinney!" I said to that puzzled son of the Sucker State, who knew nothing of life or living beyond the range of the Hoosiers. "I want it all, from the Greek peanut-man with his barrel-oven and his little steam-whistle to the flash of the afternoon sun on some wine-colored tonneau as it dips and melts away up the Avenue! I want it all, from the old Irish newswoman and the passing street-faces and the night-hawks of the Tenderloin to the groups of well-built and bright-eyed girls in velvet and feathers and furs, with muffs as big as cash-boxes and bunches of violets the size of a cabbage—the girls who come laughing and talking down Fifth Avenue every afternoon, and make me wish I'd stuck to railroading and honest ways!"

"Aw, cut it out!" growled Dinney.

"Yes, I want it all," I mused, looking down on Dinney, the illiterate, from the throne of my rhapsody, "from the signs of the Bowery to those big hotel names that are stippled in electrics, and the theatres that are spangled with lights, and the glow of rose and gold that hangs over a certain river-bed of unrest that is forever known to us as Broadway!"

"Aw, slush!" said Dinney, in disgust.

Yet Dinney had his good points. He had never been a welsher. Nor had he ever stood afraid of anything this side of the Eternal. But Dinney had started wrong. He'd begun his career under William Rudolph, alias "The Missouri Kid," had dawdled along as a hobo stick-up, and had finally climbed up to the Yegg class under the guidance and inspiration of Buck Ballard, of the Goat Hinch Band.

So Dinney, naturally, was uncouth of speech and crude of feeling. When he snuffed a drum, it was for the money in it, and nothing more. He never saw any fun in the game for the game's sake. He never even had the heart to go it alone. He was menial; he always had to work under somebody, had Dinney. He was not a coward in body, for he would have waded and slashed his way out in blood if he'd ever been cornered. But he was a coward in mind, in spirit, for he shivered and got sick when I made him walk into a Decatur bank and pass through a ridiculous little raised check. He had fallen into a rut, and he had to stick to that rut, or he wasn't happy.

And that's where we differed! And that's why he kept to his Middle West and drifted down St. Louis and Memphis way until he could get in touch with Janesville Tommy or come under the wing of Big Jim Stratton. For three weeks I tried to do my best with Dinney, for I liked him. But I'd nothing to work on. A man who hasn't a soul above moll-buzzing is hopeless. So Dinney and I divvied on the Pontiac *coup*, and parted.

It had been a neat little piece of business, that Pontiac *coup*. Dinney and a broken-down pick-up named Sherwood, who'd pounded the brass on one of the Chicago poolroom barges, trailed out along the Chicago and Alton until they were twelve miles north of the town. I'd shown Sherwood how to cut in on the Pontiac wires, with our relays and batteries stowed away behind a pile of ties. Once we'd tapped the right wires we controlled every message that passed between the Windy City and Livingston County. I carried through the inside work myself, working the town as a hog-buyer from Milwaukee and spreading at the best hotel. Then I floated into one of the town banks—it was the Livingston and Illinois Investors'—flagging a Chicago draft for six thousand and four hundred dollars. I gave them the Chicago bank for reference, and when they still held back I told them to wire at my expense. And wire they did.

They wired right into Sherwood's relay, behind a pile of ties, twelve miles out on the Chicago and Alton. And while that half-fed old poolroom tout was sending back his message that I was all right and as good as gold, I sat in the lobby of my hotel reading a chapter or two of Balzac. I sauntered over to the bank again when they 'phoned for me. I knew, as I faced that cashier, that one of two things was waiting for me—either a pile of bills or a pair of handcuffs. Dinney, I suppose, would have shown just how he felt. I showed nothing but annoyance, and when that cashier flung the six thousand four hundred out through the little wicket at me, I pushed half of the pile back and asked for smaller denominations. Then I recounted my roll, thanked him, and sauntered back to the hotel. But once I'd rounded the corner of that hotel I could have shown a clean pair of heels to a lightning-change artist between acts.

II

I LEANED back in the big rotunda-chair, a week later, and yawned. Then I took out a cigar, and yawned again. I began to wonder if, after all, there was so much fun being in a big city unless you're mixed up with big affairs. Then I struck a match.

I was Being "Paged" by the Hotel Office

Now, provided a man's not following the Guy Fawkes line of business, striking a match in the well-padded armchair of a well-guarded Broadway hotel is not exactly a Great Divide in the dull hours of a long morning. "But w'en you're spreadin' nitro-soup," as Dinney once put it, "you don't want t' bite your caps too close!"

For before this particular match had burned half-way down a quietly-dressed stranger in the chair at my elbow said: "Could I trouble you?" I said "Certainly," lazily, without so much as looking past the tip of his extended cigar. But I saw it was a coffee-colored perfecto with a life-band, and it had a soothing kind of smell about it, as the light caught, the match burned out, and I flung the stub away.

"Thank you," said the stranger, as he leaned back in his chair with a contented sigh. I smoked on in silence. From the little wire-cage beyond the news-stand I could catch the click of the telegraph key. I almost envied that red-headed operator in that little hyena-den of a workroom. Life was still worth while for him: it gave him something to do.

I'd been so lonely in that big, onyx-pillared place of crimson and gilt that I'd even struck up an acquaintance with that red-headed rotunda operator. When he found I'd once worked the wires myself he opened up and told me how his arm had given out after five years with the Postal Union, how he'd shifted to news-bureau receiving, and how he'd dropped to this lady-work on a hotel wire. And I knew he was a has-been as I listened to his send.

"This is the limit!" ejaculated the stranger at my elbow.

I looked round at him for the first time. It was not a melting look, for I always had my suspicion of possible pick-ups. But he only laughed back at me, over the time-table he held in his hand.

He was a man of about thirty-five. He looked like a well-to-do business man, well-poised, well-groomed, with the affable carelessness of a man who knows he's alive and prosperous. His face was lean and deeply-lined, but well formed. The line of his mouth was a little cynical, perhaps, but New York had made me used to that look of his. His eyes were small and gray, but quick-moving. They seemed to give his face a bland and humorous turn that set me more at ease. His ears, I noticed, were large and red, with their lobes pinned close to his jaw-bone. His face, on the whole, was the prosperous, jocosely-mournful and youthfully-old American business man's face.

"This *is* the limit!" he complained aloud, as he saw me still staring at him. And still I stared, without a word, though he saw, or pretended to see, some shadow of a question on my face, for he swung around in his big chair and faced me.

"Do *you* know anything about these Chinese puzzles?" he asked, putting the time-table before my eyes.

"Not much!" I admitted.

"I want to get up to Middleburg, New York," he went on with unruffled friendliness. "It's somewhere in Schoharie County. But I'll be hanged if I can find what road I take west from Albany, or where I strike the Delaware and Canal Company's Line and where I leave 'em for the Cooperstown and Charlotte Valley branch!"

I began to laugh, his dilemma was such an out-and-out one. He looked at me questioningly.

"I used to know something about things like that," I confessed.

"Well, I don't!" And he, too, grinned a little.

"Will you let me look over that time-card of yours?"

He gave it to me, and I bent over it, but I still kept one eye of attention on the stranger, though I felt a little ashamed of my suspicions.

"It's like a game of Pigs-in-Clover!" he sighed, leaning back and puffing at his cigar. The house detective drifted by, and was lost in the crowd.

"You take the D. & C. C.'s line west from Albany," I explained to the man beside me. "Then you'll have to change at Central Bridge for the C. & C. V., and then go south to the town you want!"

"Could I make it to-day?"

I bent over the time-table still again.

"You'd better take the midnight, and catch the morning train out of Albany."

"That means another whole day in this town!" And he smothered his disgust in a yawn.

I folded the time-table and handed it back to him.

"You're a railroad-man, aren't you?" he suddenly inquired more intimately.

"I used to be on the old Flint and Père Marquette, up in Saginaw," I admitted.

"Saginaw!" he exclaimed. "Then you must know Pugh and Crombie and Simpson?"

The names were not familiar to me. I guardedly explained that it had been several years since I left Saginaw. I think he smelt a rat—for there is nothing so suspicious as suspicion.

We smoked on in silence for a minute or two.

"You're tied up for to-day?" he essayed carelessly.

I confessed that I was not. He seemed relieved to hear it. Then he yawned and stretched his legs.

"Let's get out o' here and kill some time!" he suggested offhandedly, without so much as a glance to see how I'd take it.

I was about to answer when I heard my name called out through the big rotunda. I was being "paged" by the hotel office. I could see the bell-boy, with his little square tray of nickel, and I could see the yellow telegram-envelope he held between his thumb and the tray-bottom. I could hear him calling out my name, over and over again, as he went in and out among the crowd. When he came within hailing distance I stopped him. I felt like something and somebody in the world, after all.

I could half see the man at my elbow eying me as I tore open the envelope. But I handled that message with care, for I knew it might be a message from Dinney. The stranger still watched me, through his cigar-smoke, as I unfolded the sheet of yellow paper. Then I read the message through, carefully, slowly, contentedly puffing at my cigar as I did so. What I read was this:

The man you are talking to is Paddy Miron, the smoothest come-on man in New York. THE KEY OPERATOR.

III

I MUST have laughed a little without meaning to do it, for he turned on me sharply, with a new look in his eyes that made them almost ratlike. It was my turn now to smooth things out.

"There's luck for me, all right!" I cried, waving the message in front of him. I could see his hungry eye follow each move of the paper. But he got no chance to read it.

"That partner o' mine has put through our mining deal—Temagami and Nipissing silver claims to the Guggenheimer interests!" I explained, as I folded and pocketed the dispatch. I knew my bait had brought him up, for the quick flash of his eyes was like the belly-flash of a startled fish.

"Are *you* in on those Cobalt claims, too?" he inquired, settling back again.

I chortled and patted my pocket-wad. "There's just six thousand for a six weeks' rake-off!" I gloated.

"Good!" he said languidly. Paddy Miron, I saw, was not the worst actor on Broadway. He was studying his train-card indifferently by this time. Then he linked his fingers at the back of his head, once more stretched his legs, and looked the picture of *ennui*. I waited for the next move, sizing him up. Physically I had nothing to be afraid of; I could hold my own, from that point, even if it did come to a pinch.

He looked at his watch lazily, then he looked at me with the light of a new inspiration on his face.

"If we've both got to kill time here," he suggested, "let's go down to Resicza's for some o' that Hungarian *goulash* of his!"

"That sounds good!" I admitted.

I pushed the bell set in the onyx pillar behind me, calling for telegraph-blanks. I made it a point to write my message small when the boy had brought the blank, for I knew the eyes of my new-found friend were following every move of my pencil.

"Thanks for the tip," ran my dispatch. "Tell the house detective to keep off, for I want to follow up the game!"

I watched the boy make his way back to the hotel office, and then on to the hyena-cage where the sounder tapped and clattered. The other man beside me did the same. I could see the disquiet that crept into his face, so I chuckled a little, to ease him down.

"We're going to double our money in that silver stock—we're going to *triple* it, if this goes through! And then I guess we'll show this old town a thing or two about spending!"

"Wonderful how the wire helps business out," essayed my friend meditatively.

"Hanged if *I* could ever understand how telegraphing is done," I observed quite as meditatively. And I saw his face brighten at that casual remark. It was only a minute and guarded change, but it was there. And it continued to rest there, I thought, as we made our way out of the crowded hotel rotunda, and stepped into a cab and went rattling down Broadway, swinging sharply round into one of the lower side-streets toward Sixth Avenue. Then we alighted and went down a narrow little stairway into a gas-lighted hall, and from there into a subterranean eating-room with a row of tables down one side. The place was almost empty, so we had our choice of tables. It had its fascination, this stalking the stalker, but for the first time, in the light of that vile-smelling Hungarian cellar, I wondered if I hadn't gone a little too far in the business, for as I ordered cigars I caught the flash of some mysterious message between Miron and the yellow-haired ogre behind the bar. It was only a glance, but in that glance I knew a message had been given and received.

IV

WE SAT there smoking, apparently as happy as two ducks in a ditch; but we weren't. I was watching Miron, and Miron, I knew, was watching me. The man behind the bar it was impossible to keep under my eye as he came and went. He could have worked a dozen ropes without my seeing him do it, but I sat there, satisfied, waiting for the next move.

"Why the devil d' you carry so much loose money around with you?" my new-found friend reprovingly demanded. He had just watched me flash my roll, for I had insisted on paying as we went. I felt that it was worth it.

"It's only a few thousand!"

"But it's not safe in a town like this!"

"Oh, pshaw; I like to have it handy!"

He looked at me studiously. I suppose a fine big Cheshire cat contemplates a cornered mouse with a good deal the same sort of look. And while he still bent that look on me I was dimly conscious of a third man entering the place, although my eyes were fixed on the ash at the end of my cigar. I looked up, and he came straight for us. After all, I saw there wasn't going to be much of a stage-wait.

The newcomer hurried straight up to Miron. He jerked a chair from the next table, and flung himself into it.

"Thank Heaven!" he cried, pushing back his hat. "I've been scouring the Island for you!"

He was a young man, yet not an innocent-looking young man. He was as tall and muscular as a sparring instructor, though there was more humor than brutality in his cautiously easy-going face. His clothes were cut like a college boy's—turned up trousers, tan shoes, a striped silk band on his soft hat, and a colored shirt.

"This is Mr. Gahan," Miron was saying soberly. "Mr. Gahan, my friend Mr. Mahler—Mr. Richard Mahler!"

Young Mahler acknowledged the introduction with a curt and diffident nod. Not once did he condescend to turn his eyes in my direction.

"Do You Know Anything About These Chinese Puzzles?"

"I want to see you alone!" he said to Miron. He was still more or less excited.

Miron shrugged his shoulders. I suppose he meant by the movement that good form demanded I should not be left alone.

"But I tell you this is important!" cried the younger man.

"That's all right!" answered Miron soothingly. "Mr. Gahan's a friend o' mine—he stands in on anything that's open to me!"

"But this is a personal thing, I tell you!" insisted the newcomer. He caught up his watch and looked at it, with a great show of hurry.

"Then let's have it," demanded Miron. "Two is only one extra!"

We drew in closer round the little café table. A sense of mystery crept through the smoke-tinted air. For the first time in three weeks I felt that I was alive. But I warned myself to keep awake, and watch.

"*We've tapped the Winnett wire!*" said Mahler, almost in a whisper.

I saw Miron start up with a little gasp of doubt. I likewise saw that the other man was shaking with excitement. A little tingle of nerves played up and down my own backbone. Perhaps, after all, it was true; but I sat back and smoked, watching the drama. For, history or farce, it was good drama.

"We cut in on his wire two hours ago," rattled on Mahler, and as he continued to speak he tapped on the table with his long, lean forefinger for emphasis. "We've got him where he can't get away! Every Gravesend and Jamaica Bay race report that goes up to that poolroom is going in on our key. It comes to us first, we hold it up, and then we cut in and send it through again when we're good and ready!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Miron; "that means you can soak 'em for ten thousand, for twenty thousand if you like!"

"It means more! It means we can get our tips, spread our money and place it, and then pull in on the long shots *to the limit!* It means that we can rake in, not twenty thousand, *but forty thousand a piece!*"

"Phew!" gasped Miron. Then he felt a qualm of doubt.

"But how do I know this is all on the square?" he demanded.

"Come and see it with your own eyes! Come and see it! Come and hear it, and, if you don't like it, keep out."

Miron still pondered. "When do those returns start coming?"

"They've started now! We're losing time, good time!"

"But, even though you *have* cut in on the Winnett wire as you say, how am I going to get my money up, once I get a sure tip?"

"It's like rolling off a log! And I've *told* you that once! I get the race returns and hold 'em up. You're in Grinnell's with the money ready, holding down the booth and waiting for my 'phone call. As soon as I get the dispatch in on my relay, stealing it off the wire that goes up to their poolroom, I ring you up by 'phone. Then I give you the returns of the race that has already been run, holding it back from Winnett's. You walk into his poolroom, make your bet, get your slip, and sit down and wait Then I send through the delayed returns, and they're chalked up. You go to the paying-teller's wicket, get your money, and walk out again. Isn't that clear enough?"

Miron began to see things more plainly, and to show more interest.

"And how much could I make? In one go, I mean?"

"That depends on how much money you've got in your mitt at this very minute!"

Miron took out his roll and looked it over. "I've only got two thousand dollars," he announced dejectedly.

"Well, you know what two thousand on a ten or twelve to one shot amounts to, don't you?"

Miron pounded the table with his fist.

"I'm in on this," he cried with sudden conviction. "I'm in on this, to the limit!"

"Of course, I've got to have my percentage!" interposed Mahler.

The older man drew back again. "How much?"

"Two per cent. on the whole field!"

"That's easy!" Miron, relieved, turned to me. "What d' you think of this, anyway?"

"It sounds great!" I admitted.

"But I'm from Missouri—I've got to see the goods!" said Miron, weakening again.

"It seems straight enough!" I argued. I was apparently ashamed of his timidity.

"One minute—is my friend in on this?" demanded Miron, with a hand-wave toward me. Artfully, circuitously, the web was spreading.

"How much has he got?" asked the other diffidently.

"I've got a good six thousand, and got it here!" I retorted.

"I s'pose he is, then!" Mahler assented. Yet his tone wasn't genial.

"But no one gets percentage out of me until I see this wire-tapping machinery at work," I declared, taking my stand.

"Keep out of it, then!" Mahler's lip curled. Was he trying to let me out? Or was he leading me on, with this side-stepping coyness of his?

"He's right enough!" Miron argued with the wire-tapper. "I know you're on the square, Mahler, but business is business. You get no rake-off until we see the goods!"

"Great Heavens," scoffed Mahler, "then come and see them! Don't sit here cackling like an old hen all day! Do something, for we've got a gold mine leaking away!"

"We've Tapped the Winnett Wire!" Said Mahler

Miron threw me a knowing look It seemed to say "Shall we try it?" I nodded. Two minutes later we were up out of the café, in the street once more.

V

WE CLIMBED into a waiting hansom, the three of us, and dashed for Broadway.

I sat in the centre, on the edge of the seat, Miron and Mahler on each side of me. This left me squeezed in between their knees, considerably in front of them. I didn't like the position, but I kept my eyes open, and also my ears. I began to feel the need of this, when it suddenly came home to me that Miron was cautiously fingering the outline of something in my hip-pocket.

A Chicago tailor had made that pocket, hiding it in the hollow of the back and padding it out cunningly. But a revolver is a hard thing to hide, even when the barrel is sawed off short, after the style of the Yegger. I could feel the look that flashed back and forth between the two men. There wasn't a sound; there wasn't a move. But one man had telegraphed a warning and a question to the other. There was no use trying to evade the situation, so I pushed in closer between them on the edge of the cushioned seat.

"My gun jab you at all?" I asked airily enough.

"Your what?" cried Miron. He was a good actor.

"My revolver," I answered him, putting my hand back on the padded pocket.

"Why—what the devil are you carrying a thing like that around *this* town for?" he demanded.

I'd spotted his own artillery an hour ago. I felt like putting the same question to him, but second thought told me to keep quiet.

"That's mining-camp life for you!" I laughed back. "You get the habit out in those Western holes, and you keep your hip sore rubbing against car-seats when you come East!"

Mahler looked relieved, though it seemed to me the older man still worried about that gun. As we swung off Broadway into one of the lower West Twenties Mahler spoke.

"Shaler's in on this, you know!" he hurriedly explained.

"Shaler!—how'd you get *him?*"

"Over the 'phone at the Athletic Club. He's good and sore on Winnett!"

Here was a new element in the play; but I had no time to think it over, for we had drawn up in front of a shabby, four-storied, red-brick building. It was dark-shuttered and unkempt and forbidding of front, and I noticed a tarnished brass dentist-sign on the door.

I followed the other two men up the steps and in through a dark and tawdrily-carpeted hall. From the back of this hall we entered a large, shabbily-genteel, old-fashioned room that smelled of creosote. At one end I saw a dentist's chair, and beside it a stand of instruments. Behind the instrument-stand stooped what might be the dentist himself, a fat, white-skinned man of about forty. He was bald, and he carried a very shifty and unstable eye in his head. Once he made out who we were, he stood upright, and gave his attention to cleaning a set of drills.

"Where's Shaler?" asked the wire-tapper, circling the room with his quick glance.

"Hasn't turned up yet!" mumbled the man at the drills.

Mahler's face fell. He looked toward the back of the room, walled off by a Japanese folding-screen overscrolled with rushes and flying storks in gold.

"Then we can't wait for him!"

"Who's Shaler?" I made bold enough to query.

"He's young Shaler, railroad-king Shaler's son, the nerviest young plunger in New York—and he especially wanted to get in on this!"

I had a picture of the youthful plunger in my mind's eye—and I decided that young Shaler was luckier than he imagined.

"Let him stay out!" growled Miron. "We don't want all Broadway in on this!"

And I should have felt flattered, for Miron's declaration plainly implied that I was meat enough for anybody.

VI

MAHLER swung the screen to one side. Behind it stood a big deal table covered with green baize. Scattered about on this table were a couple of switches, a pony galvanometer, a condenser, a one-half duplex set, dry batteries, a key and sounder, and a few yards of number twelve wire. The relay was attached to two wires covered with green insulating-tape. These wires dropped from the table-edge, trailed across the back of the room, and disappeared through the window-sash at the rear of the building. I had my own suspicions as to just where they ran after that; and, by hook or crook, it was my duty to verify those suspicions.

"Has anything gone through yet?" asked Mahler, swinging round the table.

"The scratches and jockeys and weights went through for the Jamaica events," answered the man cleaning the nerve-drills. "They're on the card there!" Then he went on with his work.

Both Miron and Mahler bent over the card, studying it. I indulged in a careful scrutiny of the room as they did so. Then both men looked up together, for the door-bell had rung. A sense of suspense filled the place.

A moment later a very warm and excited-looking young man had stepped inside. He seemed little more than a youth of twenty-one, open-faced, clear-eyed, well-nurtured, and strangely out of place in that thick and grimy atmosphere. He mopped his forehead as he came in, and he was plainly laboring under great excitement. It wasn't until the light from the back windows struck him full in the face that he seemed less ingenuous, less unsophisticated than I had first judged. But I knew it was Shaler, even before he spoke.

"Can we get 'em?" he cried, ignoring my presence.

"Get 'em!" answered Mahler with a laugh, where he bent over the relay; "just listen to this!"

His long, lean fingers toyed for a second with the armature lever, and then he threw shut the switch. The little piece of brass screwed to the table seemed stung into sudden life, and as it clattered and pounded out its dots and dashes I saw Shaler watching it, fascinated.

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THE WAY OF THE REFORMER

By HARRIS DICKSON

THE way of the reformer—like the way of the transgressor—is hard. But the transgressor has a lot of fun as he goes along. Even though the transgressor knows he must pay the fiddler at his journey's end he enjoys traveling.

Reform is a symmetrical garment when displayed upon a dummy; the misfit develops when we try it on ourselves. A perfect fit for a New England town might hang too loose in some places and too tight in others upon a town in Mississippi. Such garments must be tailor-cut and fitted to the figure; they cannot be handed down from the shelf nor bought from mail-order houses.

Vicksburg, Mississippi, is not like other towns. A Vicksburger mentions this lovingly, as he might say of his sweetheart, "She's not like other girls." He means no reflection upon towns or girls in general; he merely uses an affectionate figure of speech. Certain it is that Vicksburg has always had conditions and virtues and vices peculiar unto itself.

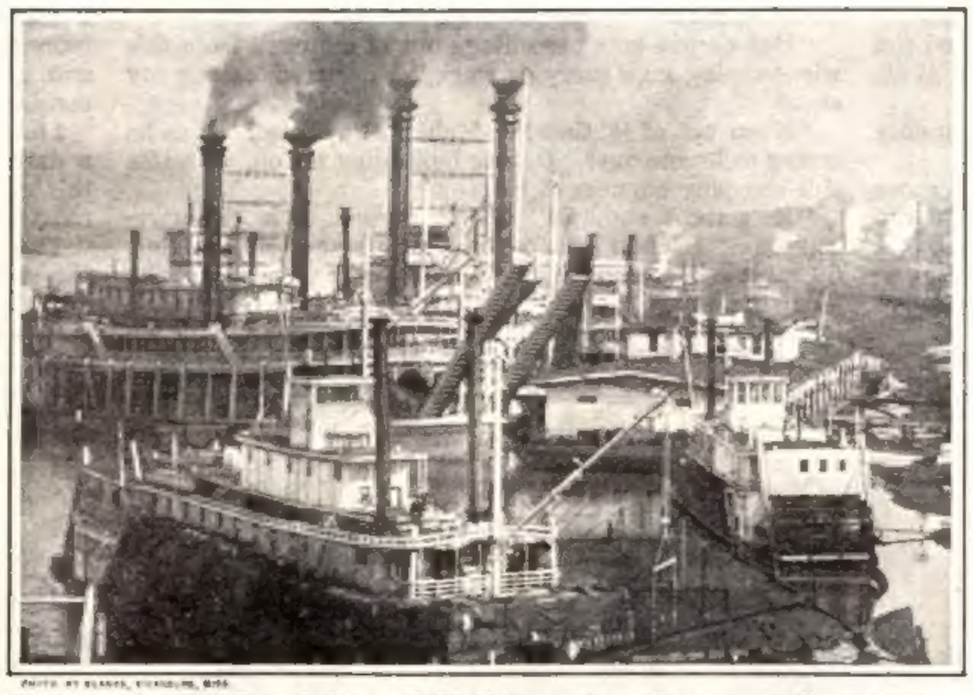
At the very beginning of things it was a river town, with a row of cabins crouching close to the yellow waters of the Mississippi. The river brought riches and prosperity, brought driftwood, scum and castaways. Gorgeous palaces of white and gold floated past like glittering swans of a Viking's dream. Pioneer planters gathered here, tolerant and generous men, who spent and spared not, free livers and free players. There came the river gamblers, cool-headed, clear-eyed and mannered like a Chesterfield; men who carried their dueling pistols in a mahogany case and their lives in their hands.

Other river craft bore other burdens. The flatboat brought its freight of apples and potatoes, flour and what-not from the West. Coal came in barges from Virginia; Danes and Swedish timber-men came on slow-moving rafts; hunters came for ammunition in the swift pirogue. Most picturesque of all was a horde of negro roustabouts who loaded the steamers and sang as they toiled.

Vicksburg became the rendezvous for this medley of men who followed pleasure or profit, each after the bent of his own will. These people must be housed and fed and amused—principally amused. They had plenty of cash to pay. Money and morals were abundant—every conceivable kind of both.

The vortex centred in Levee Street, whose one-story shanties endure to this day. From St. Louis to the Gulf every steamboat man knows "The Levee," and has a tale to tell. In flush times planters stepped ashore from the stage-plank of the famous Robert E. Lee, or the red-chimneyed Natchez, side by side with gamblers who plied their trade in gaudily embellished rooms. The crew went straight to their crap games, the others to more aristocratic sport. Men died with their boots on, and were carried feet foremost to the street.

There was a nameless fascination about this whirligig of river folk, their boisterous vaudeville and swift-enacted tragedy. Gangs of negroes in red shirts, with cotton-hooks sticking in their belts, paraded from dive to dive, singing the "conju" songs of barbaric Africa. Gaming tables throve, wheels of fortune whirred, chuck-a-luck rattled. For the ten commandments did not apply when the constable banked the game. The village grew. It climbed the hills behind it and looked out upon the world. Its horizon broadened. It began to see things. Then the Law came, the stern law of the frontier; the law of right and wrong, of fair play, equal chances and common honesty. There were no technicalities and no delay. Witness this incident:



The Levee Lined with Boats Full-Loaded, Which Cannot Leave Port Because There is No Crew

In the middle thirties a frame house stood where Glass Bayou empties into the Mississippi River, just beyond the city limits. This was "The Kangaroo," of infamous memory. Whence the sinister name, or why, no man could guess. The men within were fellows of an infinite jest and a grim humor. A group of outlaw barons made this their fortress, and, like robber barons, laid tribute upon the river folk. The King's writ ran not to the Kangaroo. No law, human or divine, invaded it. Life was cheaper than a stack of chips, for chips were cash. A duly-constituted officer winked at the Kangaroo and passed by, like the Levite, on the other side. For these gamblers were jolly good fellows, after all.

A murder of peculiar atrocity startled the citizens. No arrest was made, for, as we have observed, the King's writ ran not to the Kangaroo. Public Sentiment, creator and destroyer of law, took up the matter. A volunteer posse hurried to the Kangaroo to arrest the murderer. Rev. Hugh Bodley, a young Presbyterian minister, knocked upon the door. The gamblers fired, and Mr. Bodley fell, stone dead, across the threshold.

Vicksburg's people wrecked the Kangaroo. Gamblers were shot, hanged, or otherwise disposed of with neatness and dispatch. A few of the less guilty ones were permitted to leave, without baggage or side-arms. These were stripped, tarred and feathered, and each man put straddle-wise of his own log. The river had brought them, the river took them away. They were cast loose upon the Mississippi, and warned that driftwood must not float back. After that, for a while, the King's writ ran to the Kangaroo.

In a secluded churchyard, if the stranger can but find it, he will see a simple shaft, green-grown and lichen-covered. It bears this inscription:

ERECTED BY A GRATEFUL COMMUNITY
to the memory of
DR. HUGH BODLEY
MURDERED BY THE GAMBLERS
JULY 5, 1835
While Defending the Morals of Vicksburg

The State of Mississippi grew. Civilization spread. Men began to acquire accomplishments and statutes and grafters. River folk heard rumors of legislatures and constitutions and complicated laws. But these were made at Jackson, the capital, and did not affect the Free State of Vicksburg. Then a prosaic railroad took possession of Levee Street, and the glamor of the river faded.

Vicksburg became a little city, a man with the heart of a boy. "Men are only boys grown tall; hearts don't change much, after all." That same old spirit of tolerance was strong in her people. The Puritanical "Do as I do" found no rooting-place upon her hills. It became known round the world as the Heroic City, and throughout the South as a wide-open town. Liverpool, Bremen and Moscow knew it as the highest cotton market on the globe, the place whence came the finest staple for their looms. Strangers spoke of it as a city whose doors are never shut—especially those soldier-strangers who come revisiting the battlefield of their youth.

A new century came in. Statesmen at Jackson had been busy. Under local-option laws an overwhelming number of counties declared for prohibition. Ironclad restrictions were laid upon the liquor traffic in counties which still permitted the sale. Vicksburg continued a law unto itself.

If the statutes remained dormant here it was not from lawlessness but from good nature. The other fellow might be a pretty good fellow, and, though his habits were somewhat irregular, maybe he'd quit of his own accord. Give him a chance. So had the people thought of the Kangaroo.

General laws applied to the entire State. West Mississippi is as different from East Mississippi as if it were on a different hemisphere. In the east the population is of white farmers who till their own little fields. In the west—in the swamps along the river—lie the great plantations with an enormous preponderance of blacks. Vicksburg draws her sustenance and her spirit from the swamp.

It devolves upon each community to enforce general laws with local discretion. From heredity and habit, Vicksburg is liberal. The local government of Vicksburg had long been lax and easy-going. If an official patronized the saloon on Sunday, he entered the side door in his private capacity, as everybody understood. If a police captain jingled his chips in a public gambling-house, he first took off his uniform coat and laid aside his star. These niceties of deportment were punctiliously observed.

The city was overwhelmed with debt, largely a result of carpet-bag bond issues. Current expenses were paid in depreciated scrip at fancy prices. There was not a single paved street in the most prosperous commercial centre of Mississippi. Something must be wrong.

Nobody knows why Vicksburg waked so suddenly in the spring of 1904. A Citizens' Committee was formed, and men who had never taken part in politics pledged themselves to run for any office if they should be selected for that duty by the committee.

The committee placed a full ticket in the field, headed by the president of a leading bank. He was a banker, not a politician; but the city was financially ailing and needed that kind of a doctor. The candidates for aldermen were bankers, merchants and business men—successful men in private life. From the stump they told the absolute truth—which is not considered good politics. Practical politicians laughed, as professionals laugh at amateurs.

The movement gathered strength; gamblers took alarm, fearing for their vested rights. "We won't stand for it," they announced, as if that ended the matter.

Then they boasted of the "solid gambler vote."

"Very well," answered the committee; "if you will not stand for us, you must not expect us to stand for you. Beat our ticket if you can, for we are going to make you walk the plank."

As the fight progressed it developed that public opinion favored a better enforcement of the law. It had never been done simply because it seemed to be nobody's business. "I once knew a whole family in Georgia that made a living attending to its own business," was the remark of a practical politician which touched the key-note. Officers dared not meddle with people; they

Moscow Knew it as the Highest Cotton Market on the Globe

"'Jesse, war dat My Goose?'"

had to keep an eye on the next election. The committee kept things boiling hot. Its entire ticket was elected.

The new administration took the helm in January, 1905. The mayor's first act was to reduce his own salary to $50 per month. Reform began at home.

A city court was created, and the writer was elected judge. The board of aldermen expected this particular court to fulfill a considerable part of their preëlection promises. But to most of us reform means that the other fellow is doing wrong, and we are going to make him quit. Everybody favors reforming the other fellow. But when it is put into working order, when, as Stevenson says, "it gets jointed and travëling," Mr. Prominent Citizen comes to Mr. Reformer with a protest: "See here," he says, "I am your friend. I was on your side; I voted for you. I didn't believe you meant what you said. I thought you were just talking for votes. This reform business is all very nice, but you surely do not mean *me*."

The worst abuses were taken up first—the dives. In these whisky was sold indiscriminately to white and black, men and women, adults and children. Any person could step up to the bar, buy a glass of beer, sprinkle in the cocaine, and join the revelry.

Back of the bar was a dance-hall; a negro "professor" banged away on his battered piano. Everybody danced; formalities were waived, and there were no rules of etiquette. Negroes played craps and poker on tables in the corner; generally negroes, but sometimes white men.

An order was given to close the dives. They were closed. They are closed. They will remain closed.

But even a mosquito has his good points: he makes one feel so happy when he is gone; and here is a word which has been spoken for the dive.

The head of a successful wholesale business on Levee Street, Vicksburg, a home-loving man with the best interests of his city at heart, said this: "There are two or three of these places near my warehouse. We frequently need extra men for a few hours at a time. This is emergency work for which we cannot employ steady labor. We generally pick up a crew at the saloon. These men will work an hour or two at fifteen cents an hour; they will not work regularly at any price. If you close the dive, we cannot get labor; business may suffer." This is an honest opinion from a thoughtful man. When asked, "What ought to be done?" he answered frankly, "I do not know."

Two other gentlemen, one a steamboat man, the other a shipper of freight by river, advanced this unique defense:

"The river trade is essential to Vicksburg. Steamboats cannot run without rousters. No machinery takes the negro's place. An ignorant deck-hand earns from ninety dollars to a hundred and fifty dollars per month. He will not work when he has money."

Take the case of a steamboat coming into Vicksburg at the end of her trip. Three hours before reaching town each of her rousters is paid his wages—say twenty dollars. The captain has a cargo waiting for him. He knows that every negro who hits the Levee with one dollar clinking against another in his pocket will jump off the stage-plank and disappear. Here are twenty rousters with four hundred dollars—twenty dollars each. Consequently, twenty rousters will not work. In three hours they will get to Vicksburg. What is to be done?

The rousters clear a space on deck and begin to shoot craps. Nobody hinders them. When the boat touches Vicksburg twenty rousters still have four hundred dollars amongst them—*but not twenty dollars apiece.* Four rousters average a hundred dollars each, and sixteen haven't a cent. It's quick action when you "roll de bones." A quartette with money marches ashore to throw it at the birds; sixteen sign up for another trip. The rouster who lost his wages believes the dice will be kinder to him next time. He doesn't bother. "Nuthin' don't happen till it takes place, nohow." Everybody is contented.

It frequently happens, when money is plentiful, that the Levee will be lined with boats full-loaded, which cannot leave port because there is no crew. Not from scarcity of labor, no; the dives are crowded. Perishable freight rots and is thrown overboard.

A roustabout has no home, no family, no responsibilities. His money buys the world's most ancient vices. It is perhaps better for him to spend all in one night than to lie idle for a month and fritter it away—while the steamers lie tied up at the landing. The main purpose of a dive is to separate the rouster from his cash.

A different class of saloons presented a different question. For many years they had ignored the law to a greater or less degree, and by common consent. Many of these dealers realized that the dive, and their own less glaring violations, threatened the very existence of their business. Many were willing to observe the law themselves if they could get the others to do so. But they were not willing to become informers.

At every session of the legislature the prohibition question would be agitated. The dives furnished the prohibitionists with their strongest argument for an utter extinction of the traffic.

But a license for a saloon costs fifteen hundred dollars in Vicksburg. Then there is a bond of two thousand dollars. The barkeeper has thirty-five hundred dollars at risk. Violations of law forfeit both the license and the bond, besides rendering the violator incapable of receiving a new license. The new administration regulated the business successfully, and, it is believed, with the approval of the dealers themselves. At least, there is now no open opposition.

Since the change came but two men have been indicted by the grand jury for violations of law by saloon men. These two were the city judge and the chief of police.

It happened when Governor Herrick, with his staff and the First Ohio Regiment, visited Vicksburg. The troops camped on the old battlefield east of the city. Entertaining a thousand soldier guests kept Vicksburg in jovial humor. Everybody was everybody's bosom friend. On Saturday night the streets were full of blue uniforms, and twelve o'clock approached. The saloons would close at midnight. Most of the visitors hailed from Cincinnati. Cincinnatians are said to have an habitual thirst. A crisis impended. Amongst others the city judge was appealed to. The new lid had been on such a short time it seemed easy to lift it a bit in the sacred name of hospitality. Permission was given. That is where the error arose, though there was no disorder.

When the grand jury met the spirit moved them to indict somebody. The city judge appeared before them, avowed responsibility and asked to be indicted instead of the dealers who had been misled by his permission. The grand jury took him at his word, and included the chief of police. Reform cuts both ways sometimes. Otherwise it would be a poor rule.

"Day Tells Me, Boss, dat dis Here Intrust Runs on All da Time While You is Asleep"

The gambling-houses needed attention—and got it. This was redeeming a pious promise. The lowest class of these resorts has been mentioned in connection with the dive. Other crap games were run for mixed patronage, white and black and tan, male and female. In one of them a woman was reported to have lost a thousand dollars in a single night. Other crap-rooms flourished for white persons exclusively, and included faro layouts, roulette wheels and the like.

Poker games followed the same ascending scale of respectability. No branch of business was managed with more energy, system and success. As a rule they had rooms above a saloon, where the sign "Clubroom Upstairs" would be prominently displayed. They were well furnished, quiet and orderly. The best of them were reputed to conduct fair games. Many of their proprietors were straightforward men who had drifted into a bad business and saw no way to get out of it. Some, of course, were mere grafters who caught a dollar any way they could.

There would be two proprietors to each place, several runners to solicit patronage, and the "house-players." Once let a man take his seat at table and his name was carefully entered in a book. Thenceforward he became known, quietly, of course, as a poker player, a customer to be kept up with and solicited. Other keepers heard of him and he would be the recipient of many a cordial invitation to "Give us a part of your play." He was a marked man. Let him but stand uncertainly at a corner after nightfall, and a runner would tap him on the shoulder with the seductive remark: "Game running seven-handed upstairs. Dead easy! Farmers from the swamp." Few such invitations were declined.

"House-players" helped to make up the game or keep it from breaking. For instance: Three gentlemen from the swamp, or three business men from the city, walked into the poker-room. There was no game. Three players were not enough. "Wait a minute, gentlemen," the proprietor would say. Then he went himself or sent a runner for house-players to get the game started.

These house-players might be friends of the proprietor who play poker from sheer love of it; they might have no connection whatsoever with the house; or they might be men who played on the house's money for a percentage of the winnings. Anyhow, the game would start with three outsiders and three house-players. As other patrons dropped in the house-players would quit. When the game began to dwindle house-players would sit in again to keep it from breaking.

The "rake-off" from such a table—kitty, cigars, lunches, drinks—might amount to as

(Concluded on Page 28)

Loafers Congregated at the Landing

THE REVOLT OF BISMARCK

How a High Explosive Helped a Low Ebb of Courage

By KENNETT HARRIS

"'It was a Good, Lively Hoe-Down,' I Says, 'an' Plum Energetic, but He Might Have Shot Your Feet Up'"

"A MAN may have sand and nerve, but when a whooping cyclone comes corkscrewing along at a-mile-and-a-half-a-minute wiggle and a cellar door is gaping at him he's going to duck, and he don't care a darn about dignity doing it. He may not be afraid to die, but when Death pops up like a jack-in-the-box and grins in his face, and it's back down quick or gulp your gruel, it's apt to be a crawl—that is, if the man is healthy and ain't bothered with love or liver troubles. Can you stop me batting my eyes at you? Well, some men can shoot as quick as I can bat an eye, and if they can make other people believe it they've a cinch on considerate treatment in a mining camp in the Hills, whatever they may get in New York or Boston. If one of them men looks at you with a capering red-hot devil of murder in his eye and a gun close to his itching fingers—a gun with thick, black, snub-nosed, greasy cartridges in it—and you know that all that stands between you and the pearly gates is the lack of an excuse, you ain't going to furnish the excuse if you can help it, eh? Certainly not. Well, that accounts for this Brown."

Thus spoke Shorty West, dangling his heels from a loaded timber-car waiting at the tunnel switch through the noon hour. He drained the last of the cold coffee from the little tin cup, jammed the cup down on the top of his emptied dinner-pail with a dexterous slap of his calloused palm, and continued:

"Gundalupe Brown was the nom dee plumage he adopted when he winged his flight from the southwest corner of New Mexico. It got too hot to hold him down there, and it was a cool summer at that; but his ideas on the sanctity of human life and the relative values of royal and bobtailed flushes was too limber and wabbly for them Donna Ana champions of peace and unpolluted poker to stand for. It sounds like being turned out of Tophet for immoral behavior, but I reckon there's a limit to most things, most places.

"He was a big, dark, hook-nosed duck, with the eyes of a rattlesnake and the affable smile of an alligator; polite to strangers, but as deadly as an absent-minded drug clerk. He was a sensitive cuss, too. If anybody contradicted him, or didn't give him what he wanted, his feelings would get lacerated, and when he got that way he wanted warm, fresh gore right off. So we humored him—made a point of it, gave him what he wanted, and as wide a berth as we could, for he didn't calculate to be shunned.

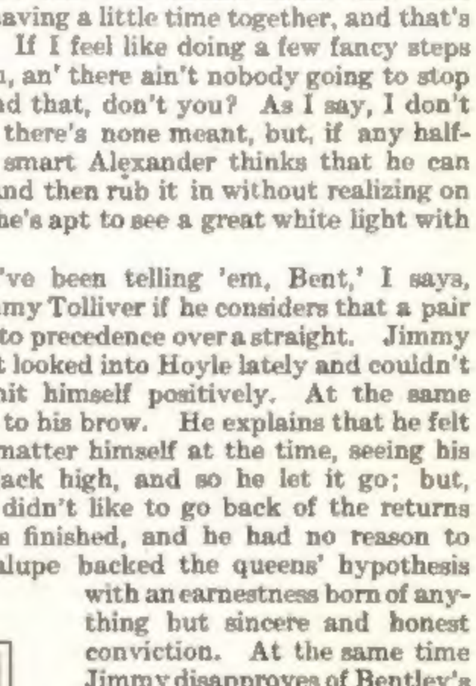
"It was some humiliating to us Strawberry Gulchers. We didn't mind being separated from our wealth so much; that came in the course of nature and we'd have felt unhappy if we kept it, anyway; but wearing whiskers and pants, as most of us did, we wanted to have some say as to the methods of scattering it. We had what Judge Frye calls our preconceived prejudices in favor of four aces to the deck, and Guadalupe shocked 'em right along. We was naturally light-hearted, and willing to contribute to the entertainment of our friends, but we hated to be called upon promiscuously to dance a solo obli-gatory with chunks of lead splintering up the floor around our light fantastic toes. Not that we all had to take that sort of thing, but we all felt that we might have to at 'most any time. Not to put too fine a point on it, he had us buffaloed.

"That's the way I frame it up, anyway. I reckon to this day there ain't nobody but me willing to admit it. If you'd gone around and took a census of opinion regarding Guadalupe, you'd have come to the conclusion that there wasn't no reasonable cause for complaint. We admitted that he had his peculiarities, but we'd admit likewise that we had peculiarities of our own, and, sort of intimate, that we sympathized with 'em. It wasn't no use extending condolences; they didn't go. I'd remark to Sam Hardwick, who was running the wheel in at Paul Kleman's, that it was too bad he had to be the victim of a hold-up at his reverend years, referring to an occasion when Guadalupe had insisted that he'd bet on the number next to where his little pallid chip was reposing when the marble clucked into its hole. Sam would deny the soft impeachment, and the starch would begin to scorch on his neckband right away.

"'Any old time I let Guadalupe bluff me—or any other son-of-a-gun—you just let me know,' he says. 'Not that Guadalupe would try to bluff; he's too much of a gentleman. All the same, I ain't unreasonable. He claimed the door opened just as the ball stopped rolling, and the draft blew his chip over from where he'd put it. That seemed to me a reasonable theory. I know the door did open, because Doc. Stewart came in right then, and he couldn't have squeezed through the keyhole farther than his waistband. I wouldn't take advantage of a draft of wind to skin nobody; don't you never think it. Nor I don't want no insinuations respecting hold-ups. That ain't pretty talk. If the wind blew Guadalupe's chip from the winning number he was morally entitled to win. I ain't a man to stand on a legal technicality. So I paid.'

"'It was right high-minded on you, Sam,' I says, with admiring warmth. Then I goes over to Cicero Bentley. 'Why didn't you tell him to go to thunder an' that you didn't feel like dancing, Bent?' I asks him.

"He looks at me with the danger signal out, and lifts up his voice, as if he thought I was hard of hearing.



"'Who told you I didn't feel like dancing?' he inquires. 'I reckon I can hop around a little when I'm in a joyous mood without the whole camp indulging in airy bandages. It's a thing I often do.'

"'It was a good, lively hoe-down,' I says, 'an' plum energetic, but he might have shot your feet up.'

"'Not him,' says Cicero; 'I wasn't in noways uneasy about that. I'd as soon have a dozen whanging away as not if they was all as good shots as Guadalupe; it's as good as music to me. I want you to understand that there wasn't no compulsion about that hoe-down; there wasn't no offense meant and none took. We was all having a little time together, and that's all there was to it. If I feel like doing a few fancy steps any time, I'll do 'em, an' there ain't nobody going to stop me. You understand that, don't you? As I say, I don't take offense where there's none meant, but, if any half-baked, fat-headed, smart Alexander thinks that he can put it all over me, and then rub it in without realizing on his accident policy, he's apt to see a great white light with stars in it.'

"'That's what I've been telling 'em, Bent,' I says, and then I asks Jimmy Tolliver if he considers that a pair of queens is entitled to precedence over a straight. Jimmy allows that he hasn't looked into Hoyle lately and couldn't undertake to commit himself positively. At the same time a flush mounts to his brow. He explains that he felt a doubt about the matter himself at the time, seeing his straight was only jack high, and so he let it go; but, however it was, he didn't like to go back of the returns when the game was finished, and he had no reason to suppose that Guadalupe backed the queens' hypothesis with an earnestness born of anything but sincere and honest conviction. At the same time Jimmy disapproves of Bentley's want of spunk in dancing on Guadalupe's say-so, and Bent didn't suppose an old-timer like Sam Hardwick would back down afore any man's bluff. Hardwick thought that Jimmy Tolliver was gettin' weak in the knees, and reckoned he'd better leave poker alone and learn to play authors, and so on down the line. All this got back to Guadalupe, of course, and he'd smile his alligator smile, but he wouldn't say nothing. As a general thing he didn't go out of his way to make trouble; if he wanted any he could stir up a batch most any time wherever he happened to be, and, if he hadn't broke through that rule with Bismarck, he'd probably have been homiciding around the Hills somewhere yet.

"Bismarck was a shoveler on the Morning Glory, of German extraction which three years in the land of the free hadn't quite extracted. He looked a heap like Bismarck didn't, which suggested the name. He

"'You Make Any More Breaks Like That at This Table and You'll Hunt Another Place to Eat,' Says Lizzie"

was about five foot six and an eighth high, and slim in proportion, with skim-milk-blue eyes, and a faded cornstalk-colored beard that straggled weakly out from his face in straight lines. His general conduct was meek, and his ideas of himself was lowly, so you wouldn't have thought he'd cut much figure with a good-looking, high-stepping, come-back-at-you-lively lady like Lizzie.

"Lizzie slung the onion-flavored meat resurrection at Ferguson's boarding-house, and a fairer creature never carried a tray of dishes or kicked the paint off the bottom of a kitchen door. Half of the unincumbered population of the gulch was foolish about Lizzie. I was somewhat addicted to her myself, to tell the truth, and I don't blame me. I never seen her when her apron wasn't as white and stiff as suds and starch could make it, nor when her snappy black eyes wasn't bright, nor her cheeks red nor her tongue ready. When she moved, her heels struck the floor like a shingling hammer on a roof, and she could deal out a pile of side-dishes around a table as slick and swift as Jimmy Tolliver could a card-deck. And, with all them graces and accomplishments, darned if she didn't take a shine to Bismarck.

"There wasn't any suspicion but what it was just pity for him, for a long time. Lord only knows what makes women take the notions they do! We seen that he got the biggest chunks of butter and the tallest pile of cakes and the best end of the grub lay-out generally, but it only come on us by degrees what was the matter. The red on her cheeks got a little redder when she'd ask him if he didn't want another cup of coffee, and she called him 'Mr. Schuler,' and didn't josh him like she did the rest of the boys; but that didn't seem open-and-shut proof of anything. As for Bismarck, he didn't catch on either, though those skim-milk eyes of his would follow her about the room when he thought she wasn't looking in a way that didn't leave no doubt as to the state of his emotions. Things was in this happy condition when Guadalupe happened to take notice. Up to that time he hadn't paid no more attention to Bismarck than he had to Ferguson's cat.

"Lizzie had just set down the bread-plate on the other side of the table from Bismarck when she happened to look across and catch his eye. Bismarck generally looked away when such a thing occurred, but this time his eyes sort of got tangled with hers, and he couldn't break away. You know how it is, don't you? Well, while he looked, a warm vermilion climbed upon his countenance and kept climbing until the parting of his hair showed like an Ogallala squaw's. Lizzie got some fine mountain sunset effects in her face, too. It sure was a sweet sight, but it didn't last long. Somebody snickered, and Lizzie made a bee-line for the kitchen, while Bismarck in his agitation began to shake tomato catsup into his coffee. That brought out a general howl.

"'Who's been boiling your face, Bismarck?' asks Bill Timmy.

"'It vas nod boiled,' says Bismarck.

"'You ought to boil it,' says Timmy; 'it might look better cooked than it does raw. All I want to say is that, if you trifle with that poor girl's affections the way you've been doing lately, I'm going to crawl your hump all spraddled out. Ain't you ashamed of yourself? It may be sport to you, but it's death to her. There's dozens of good, honest-hearted miners around this camp what would make that girl an A-number-one husband if you'd pull your freight and leave the track clear; but you hang around with your slick, taffy-slinging tongue, and your high-toned, foreign ways, and your good clothes, and get her razzle-dazzled just to amuse yourself and pass the time.'

"'I nefer haf spoke von vord mit her,' says Bismarck, real earnest. 'I vouldt nod do sooch a tinga.'

"There was another howl then, and Guadalupe, who had been listening with his eyes half shut, leaned over the table and called to Sam Hardwick.

"'What is that thing with a faint resemblance to humanity sitting next to you, Samuel?' he says. 'You'll pardon my curiosity, but I thought I heard it make sounds like it was alive. Oblige me by jolting it in the ribs just to see if it will squeak again.'

"Sam promptly dug his elbow into the Dutchman's side, and then excused himself. Bismarck was just aiming a chunk of boiled beef at his mouth and it landed in his whiskers up near his eye. 'You vas vilkom,' he says to Sam, wiping himself off with his shirt-sleeve.

"'Don't mention it,' says Sam, winking at Guadalupe.

"'He ain't human,' says Guadalupe, sneering. 'You might try pouring a glass of water down his neck. Never mind, though. Let him alone.'

"He pushed his chair back from the table and walked around behind Bismarck, easy and unconcerned, and made a quick grab at his neck and pushed his nose down into his plate, and held it there. Bismarck squirmed around, but he couldn't get loose, being jammed in between his chair and the table. Finally Guadalupe let him go, and he jumped up, scraping the food off his face. Just at that minute Lizzie came into the room, and stopped short, staring. Bismarck didn't see her.

"'Dot vas no vay to act,' he sputtered, real peevish. His eyes had a kind of shine in them, too. Guadalupe smiled unpleasantly.

"'I just wanted to see what you would do,' he said.

"Just for about ten seconds Bismarck did his level best to glare—less than that. Then, his eyes dropped and his face turned as pale as it had red a few minutes before that. He grinned like a sick cat and turned away, and Guadalupe laughed and walked out of the dining-room. Right there I saw Lizzie bite her lip and look at Bismarck as if he wasn't there, and then, flip went her skirts, and the kitchen door swung to behind her. Pretty tough, eh?

"What devil got into Guadalupe I don't know. I don't think it was because he thought anything of Lizzie. I never seen any signs of it. It was just pure cussedness, I reckon, that made him pick on Bismarck from that time out. If it had been Lizzie, it seemed like he'd queered that game from the jump-off. No more special favors for the Dutch in Ferguson's. Bismarck might look as he pleased, but there was no danger of getting a flicker of an eyelash from the girl after that morning. She'd dump his dishes down alongside of him like he was ten miles away and she rather hoped he wasn't coming back. You can throw bricks at a man in such a way as to convey the impression that you ain't got a large amount of use for him, but it isn't a marker to white queen's-ware when it's dropped around by a dining-room girl who's soured on you. If it had been me, and there wasn't no other place in town for me to feed my glad young face, I'd have got me a cookstove and a couple of skillets and took risks on spoiling good raw material and an average fair digestion; but not so Bismarck; he never missed a meal, though there was never one that he didn't get a frost that would make your teeth chatter. Not only that, but there was always a chance that Guadalupe would be on hand, and, when that happened, there was other happenings. Sometimes it would be just plain insulting language; but, whether Bismarck understood it or not, that slid off him tolerable easy. Other times Guadalupe would make him pass his plate and empty a salt-shaker on his victuals, or take his pie away from him and eat it. If he came in and found Bismarck already setting at the table, he'd indulge in the same little pleasantry of pushing his head down on his plate, or jerking his chair from under him. The things he did were just like the mean tricks that one kid might play on another; but there was something in the way he looked while he was doing 'em that made you hold your breath expecting something more that wouldn't have no cheap foolishness about it. But Bismarck always acted as if he was going to roll over on his back and put his paws up. He'd give that sick grin and mumble something that sounded apologetic, and that's all there was to it. He'd never look Guadalupe in the eyes the way he did the first time he got manhandled. Maybe he saw all he wanted to then; I guess he did. I could see it glowing above that ugly, hooked beak every time the gentle joshing began.

"Then the Terror Howled for the First Time"

"I took occasion to mention the hunch I had to Bismarck one time I overtook him on the road from the Morning Glory. There's times when the good advice I've got on hand is more than I can use myself. 'Bismarck, my friend,' I says, 'if you've got the sense of a summer sausage, you'll keep out of Guadalupe Brown's way. You may think he's just having a little harmless fun with you, but I've seen a cat have sport with a mouse the same way, and there's always one end to it.'

"He stopped in his tracks and stared at me. Then he says, 'Mein Gott! how gan I? All der time he iss dere. Keep owit ohf his way? I gannot.'

"'I can tell you a darned good plan,' I says. 'Go get your time and climb aboard the Sidney stage. You might try Virginia City, or Coo-Stick, but, it's my opinion, you'd be wandering back again in your weak-minded condition, before a week was out. It don't matter where you go so long as you go far enough.'

"He shook his head.

"'If you're thinking about Lizzie let me tell you the stuff's off,' I says. 'If you hang around here a thousand years it won't do you no good with her.'

"Darn the Dutch! Blamed if he didn't sit down right there and begin to weep. I couldn't stand that. I quit him. It made me feel uncomfortable. He was a little fellow, but he seemed to hold a heap of anguish and it come out hard.

"I wondered if he wouldn't take my tip, but he was right on deck the next morning at breakfast, looking like a small bar of soap after a hard day's washing. Guadalupe wasn't among those present then. It was early hours for him, but he showed up at supper and took a chair right opposite to Bismarck. For a few minutes he didn't seem to take no notice of him. He smiled at Lizzie when she brought him his steak, and, as she didn't respond, went on smiling at the steak as he cut it up. Bismarck took a quick look at him, and the poor little rat's hands began to tremble. Guadalupe seen it, too, and smiled harder than ever. He smiled as he reached for a biscuit, and he smiled as he plunked it at Bismarck and hit him in the eye; but the next instant he wasn't looking cheerful by no means: he was standing up and clawing at his shirt-collar and cussing. Just as the biscuit left his hand, Lizzie jerked the full of a cup of hot coffee at him, and it took him in the neck and face.

"'You make any more breaks like that at this table and you'll hunt another place to eat,' says Lizzie.

"She made a picture as she stood there, her black eyes snapping and a patch of bright red on each cheek. Guadalupe stopped mopping his neck and laughed. Bismarck had jumped up, but when he heard the laugh he dropped back into his chair with a groan and wiped the sweat off his forehead with his paper napkin.

"'I didn't know he was a pet of yours,' says Guadalupe.

"'No pet of mine,' says Lizzie. 'Don't you never think it. I haven't no more use for a man that can't take his own part than I have for a black-hearted, bloody-handed brute like you. If he wants to let you dog him around, that's his business, but you're not going to do it in here.'

"Guadalupe smiled again. 'I'll tell you,' he said, 'just to show you that my heart is good and that I aim to keep my hands clean I'll promise you that I won't kill him—not unless I happen to run acrost him again. You

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SWOLLEN FORTUNES

"It is our clear duty to see, in the interest of the people, that there is adequate supervision and control over the business use of the swollen fortunes of to-day, and also to determine the conditions upon which these fortunes are to be transmitted and the percentage they shall pay to the Government whose protecting arm alone enables them to exist."

—President Roosevelt's Speech at Harrisburg, October 5, 1906

"There is every reason why, when our system of taxation is next revised, the National Government should impose a graduated inheritance tax and, if possible, a graduated income tax. . . . The prime object in fixing the inheritance tax should be to put a constantly increasing burden on the inheritance of those swollen fortunes which it is certainly of no benefit to this country to perpetuate."

—President Roosevelt's Message to the Congress, December 4, 1906

How Shall a Menace to Our Institutions be Curbed Without Injustice to Legitimate Interests or Injury to Honest Business?

By David Graham Phillips

II

AT THE Horse Show in New York the other week one of the multi-millionaire exhibitors was giving public exhibition of his ecstasy over winning some ribbons with horses bred and trained not by himself but by experts hired with the money he had not earned but inherited. "That man's grandfather," said a bystander, "was not content until he ruled the railways from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. This grandson's highest ambition is to win prizes with horses, and he's the most energetic and ambitious of the old fellow's descendants." Yet the increase in the fortune of the grandson since his birth, and without any effort on his part, is of itself more than the entire estate left by the grandfather.

Take up any volume, from A to Z, of a dictionary of biography—for any country in the world or for the whole world. Leave out of account the kings and princes, except those that were persons apart from their accidental hereditary position. And what do you find? You find, first, almost no sons of rich men; second, many sons of families that were extremely poor; and third, the overwhelming majority—in all ages, all countries—came of parents able to bring up the children without real hardship, but giving them no real luxury, either, and leaving them nothing that could be called an inheritance. In the broad, you find that all the persons who have made history, an infinitesimal fraction of a per cent. excepted, were of the non-wealthy, non-inheriting class; and, analyzing that excepted infinitesimal fraction of a per cent., you find that most of those who make it up were, by some accident, not brought up in luxury. The Marquis of Salisbury, the first Cecil of the direct line to amount to anything in several centuries, was forced to earn his living as a newspaper writer. Go into any country on earth to-day, even the most aristocratic, even the most ignorant and backward, and you find that the overwhelming majority of the men who count are men of humble or obscure origin.

The Glittering Fraction

TRUE, the people of wealth, or of what is called family but really means wealth, are but an infinitesimal fraction of the whole mass. Still, if great riches are an advantage, why do not its possessors become conspicuous and important in making history out of all proportion to the mere numbers of the wealthy class? If inherited wealth is an advantage, why do not its possessors advance as by seven-league boots beyond their fellows? If surroundings of luxury are good, if riches are of real value in developing intellect and character, why are the possessors of riches by inheritance all but excluded from mention in history, even where concentrated wealth has succeeded in imposing an aristocracy doing its best to absorb all honors and emoluments? The glory of every nation and of every family has been won while it was getting rich. As soon as it got rich, decline began and decay was swift. The coincidence of struggle and strength, of riches and ruin, found everywhere in the annals of mankind, is not mere unmeaning accident; it is cause and effect. Civilization has not ruined the peoples of the past; civilization itself has been ruined by the failure of peoples to prevent the concentration of wealth. Mr. Roosevelt has clearly seen, has courageously warned us, that history will surely repeat itself again

Take any fortune in America, for example—the Astor, the Vanderbilt, the Gould, the minor fortunes of Boston or Philadelphia or Baltimore families that have got the calluses well off their hands and the convolutions well out of their brains. The founder, almost always far from scrupulous, was still a man of energy, a working-man. But the fortune, as it heaps up to-day, does not grow by work, but because a mass of wealth, after it reaches a certain size, is like a snowball rolling down a snowy steep—this even though the heirs are wasteful or absolutely incompetent. It would be impossible for a man with an income of five or six or seven millions a year to impoverish himself, except by acts of downright insanity. It would be impossible for him not to pass on to his heirs a far greater accumulation than he inherited; and if the bulk of the fortune be left, for several generations, to one heir—a few such families, and a few generations, and the ownership of the control of our country's resources passes to a few hands. It is not necessary to own everything in order to control, under the modern business system of holding companies, voting trusts and the like.

It has passed into a proverb that necessity is the only force that will spur a man up the road of progress. There is a grain of truth in this, not more. It is not need but desire, expanding desire, advancing and ever advancing standards of living, that has produced civilization—in the mass, and in the individual. To develop a man you must stimulate in him desires which compel him to exercise both mind and body, if they are to be gratified. Wealth, especially the costless wealth of inheritance, does not stimulate those desires. For every occasional rare man or woman who uses the leisure which inherited wealth gives to improve himself and, so, really to serve his fellow-men, you find thousands who squander their leisure in more or less degenerating or fatuously trivial ways, and whose highest ideal of serving their fellow-men is gifts of money—thus, when no human being can take an unearned dollar, even to relieve direct necessity, without a certain loss of self-respect, sometimes conscious, only too often the more fatal for being unconscious.

A few of our very-very rich—almost all, the men of the first generation—do "patronize" art and pauperize charity and education by endowing them. But no people was ever made artistic or charitable or educated by the bounty of its multi-millionaires. When the very rich "go in for" art they seek, as a rule, the things that are already established. They want old masters, antiques; they fall prey to the crafty connoisseurs and, as our palaces and public galleries show, squander millions upon so-called artistic things that are most often mere imitations, and are only too often neither beautiful nor artistic, but have simply an appearance of great age. In all time the patronage of wealth has robbed art and literature and the drama of originality, and has fostered imitativeness and tawdry gaudiness. Homer sang for the pennies of the common people, Shakespeare wrote to fill his own theatre; as Buckle points out, all the geniuses of the so-called Louis XIV period were in reality of an earlier or a later time, and those whom Louis and his nobles patronized were either destroyed by it or never showed any talent above mediocrity.

Real refinement, real culture can exist only among a people that is on the one hand not so poor that it has no leisure from manual labor, and on the other hand not so rich that it is too sorely tempted to idleness and to dissipations of time and brain and body. History is a monotonous repetition of the same sad, foolish story. A nation builds itself up toilsomely from poverty to where it begins to develop the arts and sciences and comforts, begins to be a really great race, in the way to being wise and humane and strong. Favoritism and unequal taxation concentrate wealth, elevate the few into suffocating luxury, depress the many into sycophantry, dependence, poverty. The nation rots and dies, and the stench of it taints the air for centuries. Mr. Roosevelt's new policy is far-sighted and lofty patriotism.

In our early days it was, except in a small class in Eastern cities and in the South, "three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves." The father got rich by labor, the children squandered in idleness, the grandchildren went to work. But with the "swollen" fortunes has come a new order. In the second generation, nowadays, there is rarely the courage and self-reliance for aggressive accumulation. But the second generation is timid, thrifty, often stingy even, jealous of its "social position," which, as it well knows, rests upon wealth, coldly mercenary in marriage, in friendship, in the bringing up of the children. Money is the household god, and the family's fear of the god's taking flight robs even their vices of prodigality's seeming of generosity. The family live most luxuriously, but well within their incomes; they guard their investments as a hen guards her nest; they lend their wealth to vast disreputable projects in the stacked and loaded game of "finance"—indeed, money being god, how can anything be disreputable that will further enrich and bedeck the shrine?

Founding the Family

ONE of the strangest eclipses of American good sense by these vast accumulations is the craze for "founding a family." That phrase never means character or personal distinction of any kind, but always and only riches, regardless of character and to the destruction of personal distinction. Although this craze is a matter of less than forty years we already have quite an imposing array of "princely families"—Astor, Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Field, Gould, Crocker, Fair, Goelet, Phipps, Havemeyer, Mackay, Carnegie, Harriman, Morgan. Every city, every town has its little group of intermarried, inter-related very rich. If wealth were in itself a blessing, an age of Pericles would now be in full blast. Instead, the only tangible result from the family craze is the various "four hundreds" of our large cities and the imitations of them in our smaller cities. The most that can be said of the enormously rich leaders of those "smart sets" is that they are as a rule not noisily coarse. They lead the emptiest lives, surrounded by silly luxuries and by flatterers; they amuse themselves in ways they could not endure if they were intelligent. They do not live; they play at life, remaining mere nursery children, with really childish tastes. There is some excuse for this sort of thing in Europe. The people who make up European aristocracies have never known anything better than the life of inane idleness, have been brought up in false ideas as to what constitutes manhood and womanhood. But these American imitators of theirs have, in the lives of their forebears and in the lives

of all the significant inhabitants of their country, an inspiration to a saner and less vulgar mode of existence. If the evil of this degeneracy were confined to the fashionable sets no great mischief would result. But the false standards raised by them—the showy luxuries, the frivolous and famous pastimes, the life of clothes without individual taste, of calls without friendliness, of entertainments without hospitality—appeal to the uneducated, miseducated and weak-minded throughout the country. In the women, idle and imperfectly educated, and eager absorbers of the vulgar "high life" novels, are roused the silly impulses of snobbishness; and so the children of the oncoming generation are infected. Of course, if the human race had not greater strength than most of the Jeremiahs credit it with, it would have succumbed long ago to the poisons bred in vast private accumulations of wealth. Our "four hundreds" as four hundreds will not destroy us. But why should we be taxed to maintain them when they retard progress and withdraw from usefulness so many who might be self-respecting and of service to their fellows? Why should political science lag behind sanitary science? Why take precautions against physical plague and pestilence, and not against the cholera of concentrated wealth and the galloping consumption of vast inheritances? Why squander so much of the national income upon palaces whose owners live in them but a few weeks of the year, upon shootings in Scotland and frills and fopperies in France, upon diamond stomachers and out-of-season peaches at five dollars apiece, upon purchases of foreign titles and their degenerate owners—thus, when so many millions of us who work hard have not a decent place in which to live or proper food and clothing?

Palaces, Like Princes, Not for This Country

BEYOND doubt, the most corrupting effect of the survival into our more enlightened era of the barbaric system of large inheritances is in keeping alive the stupid notions of the grandeur of the grandiose style of living. To dwell in a vast palace; to be waited upon and preyed upon by secretaries, lawyers, doctors, by dealers in alleged artistic objects and in luxurious food, furnishings and clothing, by an army of sycophants and menials; to injure one's health by overeating and by substituting driving for the natural and healthful mode of locomotion which Nature commands upon the entire animal kingdom; selfishly to surround one's self with luxuries intended either for the use of all or fit for nobody; to isolate one's self from the joys of comradeship with one's race, to have no friends; to be esteemed and valued, and to esteem and value one's self, only for what one has in a material way—is this the manner in which a human being ought to pass, ought to be permitted to pass and to seduce others to pass, the one chance at life in this world? Mr. Roosevelt, a New York City man born and bred, has had these conditions under observation at close range, and in their typical form has seen the marvelous and menacing change in the last two decades; and now, as President for five years, with a President's unique opportunity to survey the country as a whole, he has seen that the plutocracy peril is not local to his native city, but is national.

The hold of modern common-sense is not yet as strong upon us as is the hold of inherited traditions from the savage past. King still means the estate rather than the head and heart. Labor—once, not so many centuries ago, the degrading stamp of slave and serf—is recognized as the giver of all good only in theory. So, the first thought of the possessor of vast unearned wealth is reactionary—to show off, to be elevated above the mass of his fellow-men in the worthless visible ways—like a child climbing on a chair and fancying itself tall. And the spectacle tempts the ignorant and the miseducated. To live silly and worthlessly is the established custom of the very rich the world over—and their talk about the "responsibilities of wealth" and their "benefactions" are seen to be a mere canting concession to ideals that have no hold upon their hearts or influence upon their lives. Observe the plethorically prosperous class in any of our cities, and you will verify this, will find it a moderate statement. We hear of no movements among the very rich, no "gentlemen's agreements," to lessen the cost of the necessaries of life which they control. Charity, Lord and Lady Bountiful—yes. But justice—where's the opportunity for pose and patronage in mere justice?

Unjust Stewards of Great Fortunes

OUR very rich men, whether self-made or made by money-getting ancestors, far from leading in the great democratic movement of our time toward universal higher standards of living, are, on the contrary, working with all the ingenuity of their financiers and their lawyers to load down every industry with the fictitious fixed charges that compel high prices and low wages. Are the very rich agitating themselves about corruption in business and politics, about the deficiencies in our system of education? On the contrary, they are the chief corrupters of business and politics, and their interest in the intellectual condition of their fellow-men does not extend beyond the petty and pauperizing philanthropic charity which fosters the evils of civilization and distracts attention from their cause and centres it upon mere effects. In so far as most multimillionaires bother about education at all, they give attention to higher education which could well take care of itself—and certainly would, if primary education were properly attended to.

Instead of stimulating the intense American energy toward improvement along really sane and healthful lines, the swollenly rich have stimulated it back toward barbarism, have established among us the idea that man and woman are not a matter of intelligence and character, but of house, and clothes, and menial train, and heaped-up riches. Give the fullest credit to everything vast inherited wealth has done toward so-called refinement, toward so-called art and so-called education and so-called philanthropy. Admit that every alleged good has been a real good, gold from surface to core. And still, the chief, the paramount contributions of concentrated, inherited wealth remain corruption and ostentation. It is not true that our vast concentrations of wealth have inaugurated or to any degree furthered our vast beneficent enterprises. On the contrary, those concentrations have come about by robbing the enterprising, by burdening the enterprises. It is a libel upon the American character to say that American enterprise thrives only on the hope of stealing, only by exacting for service rendered payment that will stoop the shoulders of toilers in generations yet unborn and deprive millions of children of the opportunity to rise.

In every great country of the world except ours the fact that the clumsy system of production and distribution results in gross injustices to the masses and gross favoritism to a small class has long been recognized and legislated about. With us, privilege is a newcomer who slipped in upon us under cover of the confusion of the Civil War, which enabled a part of the capitalist class to foist upon us our present and ever-increasing burden of taxes, legal and illegal, official and pseudo-private—taxes upon consumption and upon the consumer; never upon accumulation or excess—tariff taxes, taxes of perpetual franchises, taxes of "fixed charges" for dividends and interest on watered stocks and bonds. With increasing population, with the increasing cruelty of the burden of taxation, with the increasing impudence of the leviers of those taxes—for no one is so noisy about rights or so contemptuous about the rights of others as the possessor of a vested wrong, the man who has been made arrogant and selfish through having a privilege—with these increasing causes for public awakening has come a rapidly strengthening public demand that extortion be moderated. And Mr. Roosevelt has never more clearly shown his understanding of the public mind than in coming out for a moderation of extortion, a less uneven division of the burdens.

There are twenty families whose incomes average from five to forty millions a year; there are sixteen million families whose incomes on the average are less than $600 a year. One-fourth of the total national income goes to *less than ten thousand* of our eighteen million families—one-half the total national income goes to one-tenth of the population; the other half is divided among the remaining nine-tenths. Yet the burden of taxation—governmental and corporate—falls upon all alike. Privilege not only gets the lion's share of the national income; it also escapes all but what is to it a trifling share of the legal taxes. As for the illegal taxes, privilege, of course, collects and keeps them all.

Where the Burden Falls

MANY European countries have long employed the income tax. But the income tax as a balancer of inequalities and a check upon the concentration of wealth is almost a total failure. The trouble with the income tax has been that it was far too heavy upon small incomes, far too light upon large ones. In England, for example, only incomes of eight hundred dollars a year or less are exempt, and all incomes above that amount are taxed alike. Thus, the income tax in England is simply an added injustice; for the class that is making the most successful, honest effort to establish civilization, and to bring up its children properly, is taxed as heavily as the privileged classes, the possessors of the lands and of the great masses of securities, the leaders of wasteful lives.

At best the income tax is a very small check upon extravagant living, bad example, patronizing and concentration of wealth. The inheritance tax comes nearer to the seat of the disease. No country has as yet a really effective inheritance tax. England's was established only a few years ago by the last Liberal government, and so has not yet shown what it will do. It is safe to say that, unless the tax is made more drastic, England will continue gradually to weaken under the curse of great estates; for the tax, as at present constituted, does not deeply cut into a great estate at death, and great estates recover rapidly from their wounds; also England still permits a testator to found a family by "favoring" one child at the expense of the others.

An inheritance tax, to be really effective, must make the equal division of the estate mandatory; if it grants the testator the privilege of cutting off an unworthy heir, it compels him to turn back that heir's portion to the general treasury of the people. Also, the effective tax law must, as Mr. Roosevelt recommends, limit the amount that can be handed down to tempt vanity and to make development difficult, and must provide against transfers during the lifetime of the rich man.

(Continued on Page 29)

THE SIAMESE CAT

By Henry Milner Rideout

"So You Will Regretfully Kill Me ——"

CHAPTER IV

OWEN turned from the girl, to where the dead Chinaman lay among the vines close to the wall. With deep repugnance, he bent over the body. As it rolled limply on its back, something scratched his hand. The queue bristled with long, sharp pins. Oil shone on the naked chest.

Scarlett whistled thoughtfully: "Came prepared, didn't he? Regular burglar's make-up." The Mongol face, more inscrutable even than in life, gaped at the blazing sky, idiotic and daunting. He had been run almost through the body, pierced as if by a lance.

The stout belt-purse had been half wrenched away.

"May as well be thorough," thought Owen; and, kneeling, he opened it. A poor handful of silver coins, *salungs* bent in some gambling-house, clinked within, and among them lay a pasteboard ticket, third-class, Bangkok to Ayuthia, stamped with that day's date, punched and forgotten by the guard. He had followed them to these ruins: to steal a cat and meet his death—why?

Why, indeed? The thief sprawled among the vines, tawny as the lifeless ground, agape, mysterious, inscrutable.

There was nothing more to do. Retreating slowly from the rebuke of that presence, Owen turned the corner of the wall.

"Come," he said. They moved off among the ancient mounds, the air before them dancing in blurs of heat. The girl shivered slightly, paused as for breath:

"Was it ——?" she whispered. "Did he do it?"

"No," said Owen, as though she had named the guide aloud. "No, I hope—I think not. The wound—you see, he couldn't carry such a weapon—a spear or a long dagger. Couldn't conceal it. No ——"

"Oh, he wouldn't, anyway," she cried. "But—what shall we do?"

"Say nothing to him," he replied slowly. "Report—*gendarmerie* headquarters. What else?"

In silence they gained the temple and the archway. Among the baskets Chao Phya and the coolie bearer dozed together; Aunt Julia and the guide were returning at a distance.

"Remember—don't show that anything's up," whispered Owen.

It was a silent company that jogged back to the living Ayuthia. Aunt Julia's one remark expressed the general desire: "Let us go back to civilization as soon as possible." So Borkman cantered on ahead to see that their launch should have steam up. At the outskirts of the village he cantered back again, calling:

"To your left, please! We'll ride straight to the landing. I have boys to take the ponies home." He swung before them toward the river.

"Very thoughtful, isn't he?" sighed Aunt Julia. "But we should thank that kind young officer."

"I'll go," said Owen. He had already reined about.

In the veranda of barracks the young Dane looked up from inspecting Mannlicher carbines. Handsome and impassive, he saluted, bowed gravely to the message of thanks.

"But there's another matter," continued Owen. "Out there in the ruins we found a man killed, the dead body——"

"Ah, yes," interrupted the Dane slowly. "That coolie—we shall find the place, thanks to your—ah—most accurate description. It is nothing to retain you more long, no? Some quarrels of thiefs. However, allow me your address, as a favor; it may be well."

"So you *knew* already!" cried Scarlett.

"Naturally." The young officer smiled. "Your—ah—courier reported just since. He found the body, and willed to refrain alarming the ladies; is it not? I go investigate shortly."

Scarlett rode down to the river with his chin on his breast. As their launch slipped downstream, in the level light that flamed through the silhouette bars and tatters of palm-groves, he remained silent and thoughtful. Crowded among cushions at the bow, they had no room for secrets.

The great tide turned in flood, making the launch labor slowly; the cool darkness of the East fell at a blow, and the easy slumber of the East at last overcame the tired women. Yet now and then they woke, with weary murmurs of delight, at some picture fleeting past—a tug, whipping up-river an endless string of rice-boats, each with a ruddy fire that lighted up the brown legs of a squatting circle, and each leaving a pungent wake of cookery and sour betel; the bellying whiteness of a lateen sail, swanlike, unreal, seen and lost in a moment of ghostly moonshine; splashes of lamplight wriggling deep in the river pools below some floating bazar or open boat, where, as if kneeling on the water, black profiles of Chinamen threatened each other, chattering at *Chai-mooay*, the coolies' game of forfeits. All these passed swiftly in a dream, measured by the monotonous, happy chant of the steersman, and heavy with the perfume of acacias.

When the other two slept soundly, Owen leaned toward Borkman.

"What was all this?" he whispered. His glance, in the lantern-light, was hard and severe. "What did you tell them at *gendarmerie* headquarters?"

"The facts, of course," said the guide readily. "Strange business, wasn't it? Saw directly by Miss Holborow's face that you'd found him. Well, that's the way I found him, too—dead—and the cat perched on the wall. Lied to them, obviously. Silly to frighten women about it, eh? What? Much in the dark as you. My dear chap, I'd give anything to know——"

The young man leaned back again. Perhaps, then, his thoughts had wronged Borkman; but if they had, what was all this tangle? What stratagems, what violence, could centre in the absurd figure of a cat? He must puzzle out the problem. But athwart his first efforts came the thought of Laura, the flutter of her breathing beside him, to confuse and erase his reasoning.

"This much is good," he thought. "If there is danger to her, I'm to be in it."

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. Sanders, a florid little man, accurately dressed for summer evenings in England, hopped down from the Holborows' carriage and came trotting back through the hotel garden.

"I say," he chirped, "Mr. Scarlett! Won't you come dine with us to-morrow night? Ah, good! Very glad. Surawongse Road; any *sais* will know. Right! Good-night again."

And so their expedition ended. Midnight had passed, but Owen had no desire to sleep. Calling for ice, soda and cigars, he stretched out in his veranda chair, and stared blankly down into the moonlit compound. Banana leaves drooped in pennants of hoary silver; the tin roof of a go-down shone like snow; a coolie, sleeping in the dust, scowled upward, with the shadowed sockets of a death's-head, into the pale radiance.

Now and then a pedler's bell clanked faintly; a gust of laughter told where sea captains drank late under the almond trees; or, breaking the charm of stillness, a lizard cried, "To-kay! to-kay!" in a voice dogmatic and hiccoughing.

"I can't believe him," thought Scarlett. "He seemed plausible there in the boat, but——" Instinct declared the man a liar; reason tried to marshal the facts both for and against him:

"First of all, Borkman suggested buying the cat. That proves nothing, either way. Second, he knew the thief before—bumped him in the bazar—and was *not* glad to see him. Third, grabbing the coolie by the queue, as he ran, would rip his hand exactly as it was ripped. But then all those thorn bushes—I can hardly shut my own fist. Fourth, Borkman's story is improbable. If an unknown person—a second thief, an accomplice—fought and killed the coolie, then why leave behind the only apparent cause of quarrel—the cat—perched on the wall? But he may have heard Borkman coming, or have seen him, and cut and run. After all, that seems the most likely way; for Borkman could have no accomplice stationed out there to do the killing, no such weapon to do it with himself. Fifth, *if* Borkman were the murderer, then his remark, 'I saw directly by Miss Holborow's face,' was made when off his guard, and explains why he reported to the Dane. Humph!"

"If there had been a weapon," thought the young man, "I'd be certain; or if it were anything but a cat——"

Muffled hammering at doors sounded in the distance, and the raucous, singsong cry of a runner from the lottery, shouting the lucky number for the night. Dawn was near, then; Owen rose wearily, and crept under his mosquito netting, to sleep over the whole blind puzzle.

He woke to find himself still thinking of the courier.

"Borkman started all this cat-pidgin; he knew where to buy, had a letter to the pawnbroker——" What a long, empty day before seeing Laura at dinner! "I'll spend it," he decided, "looking in on this devious gentleman's friends."

But even starting early after breakfast, he wasted most of the morning before he found the pawnbroker's shop; and then was rewarded only by the gory smile of the betel-chewer, and a furious exhibition of undesired cats.

"No go," he thought, "this chap doesn't savee anything. *M-pa-nai*, my friend. Finish! Put your beasts back—we'll try the collar man." He entered the stone-flagged alley, to find that every other door revealed a goldsmith's shop. "Lim Chong, Chin Leong—what was it? Sounded

"Now Forget Your Father and Give Me the Truth"

familiar, too. But they're all alike—Here it is—Sin Cheong."

In the dusk, on clean matting, stood glass cases full of shining wares. Behind a lamp-lit counter, a jolly, fat merchant sat clicking his abacus. He looked up, nodded, grinned. "*Tsu s'n*," he remarked affably; then called aloud for his assistant. Through the rattling strings of the curtain slid a sleek young Chinaman in pale green silk pajamas. His face was glossy, keen, guileless, like that of an intellectual babe.

"Ho Kong," explained the merchant; "he speakee Ingalis, my no can do."

"Good moh? ning-seh," chanted Ho Kong, "I hop you? ah velly well. You wantchee buy nice golo-smit culio, I can? show you, seh."

The slant, thick-lidded eyes watched every movement, as Scarlett peered along the cases. In one corner lay a silver bracelet, which, but for having no bells, was the mate to Borkman's gift.

"How much is this? S'pose you put bells on, how much?" Owen looked squarely into the clerk's eyes. They met his with a strange gleam, but not a curve changed in the sallow, infant face.

"Fiftee tical, he velly nice."

"This chap *does* savee," thought Owen. "Fifty—say that means twenty: the cat was forty. Do men kill each other over sixty ticals?" Aloud he said: "Too much. What price this silver casket?"

He bought a few things, handled many more, called for a list of prices. Ho Kong, the clerk, rattling the abacus, jotted down figures on a sheet of paper, which he folded trimly, and delivered with a bow. Then, clapping on a rakish Panama hat, he escorted Owen to his carriage, and, as it rolled away, bowed again in best European fashion.

"I startled him about that bracelet," thought Owen. "The writing on this price-list looks familiar, too. Where could I have seen it?—Hmm! So he comes into the affair, too; but *what* affair?"

The drowsy afternoon lagged by, the sun dropped behind the teak-mills, the brown smoke of twilight swiftly turned to darkness. At last it was time to dress for dinner Returning to his room, he switched on the swinging bulb just in time to see, on the back veranda rail, a pair of green-sleeved arms release their clutch and drop out of sight. He ran to the edge. In the dim light, a plump figure under a Panama hat slid down a post, and flitted across the compound into darkness.

"Young Mr. Ho Kong returns his calls promptly. Heard me direct the driver, of course. What has he stolen?"

The wardrobe door lay open, a coat lay on the floor, the lock of his trunk had been picked, and there were other signs of recent and hurried search. Nothing, however, seemed to be missing. On the table lay a letter, printed in English with a pencil, on hotel paper.

To Honourable Esqre:

I beg to inform Your Honour should be leaving Cat in this room tomorrow all afternoons complete from tiffin till dark-times and leave same here all alone. Cat do not came out, remain all right very good, can do harmless. Your Honour catch him coming back inside. Leave cat, enjoy days, long life much jade best wishes. Suppose you do not, then some mans have got hurt become kill Your Honour, become kill your Honour's girl, very sorry. I write this to obliged for you nextime.

Yours truly, and complete servant,
CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

N. D. Now, suppose you go, tell another mans look-see watch room, no good. Undersigned will kill Your Honour I think all same.

"My Christian friend," chuckled Owen grimly. "They teach them well at the missions—— So unless I give you a private interview with the cat, you will regretfully kill me and ——" he laughed—"'Your Honor's girl.' By George, I wish she were!—— Whatever he wants, this chap is making a rather silly bluff."

He dressed hurriedly and, after a short drive, reached Mr. Sanders' house. Not before coffee in the veranda—when the ladies were talking of Home, and the men betting whether the French would give up Chantabun—did he get free speech of Laura. Lamps on a long table divided them from most of the company.

Her first words outvalued all she had ever said.

"I've waited the whole day to talk to you," she said guardedly. "Do you know, I'm getting—rather afraid."

"Afraid of what?" he asked.

Leaning forward, she answered the question with another.

"Did you hear what Mr. Sanders told at table, about our burglar—that his Sikh watchman chased some one out of the compound last night? Well, I could have told them more. What do you think? Last night I couldn't get to sleep, after all that happened in the ruins. So, perhaps about three o'clock, I thought of wandering out into my veranda to watch the moonlight and find a breeze. I stepped out through the door quickly, and almost ran into a man -a Chinaman. He was creeping in, bent over—didn't even stop to see what I was, just bounced away and down the veranda stairs."

"Plump, was he?" asked Scarlett. "Wear any sort of hat?"

"No," she reflected. "Little—thin—bareheaded. He ran lame, but very fast. At the front of the stairs there another popped up, and both men ran off together. Then a third jumped out from that shrubbery. That was the only one the Sikh saw, for just then his turban came bobbing round the corner. He didn't catch any one."

"Haven't you spoken of all this?" whispered Owen.

"Where Did the Cat Stay Last Night?"

"Not a word. Because—because I wanted your advice first, somehow. You see, that wasn't all. Just before the Sikh appeared, another man, a European, stepped out of that shadow by the wall"—Laura pointed to a far corner, densely blurred with flamboyer branches and tall crotons. "He was big, very tall, even crouching; he ran forward a few steps, dodged back until the Sikh passed, and then stood out an instant watching. I can't be sure; but the moonlight was like day, and he stood there so broad, with his feet braced apart—you know—yes, like our courier Borkman. He held a sort of staff in one hand, and the end flashed bluish, like steel—a sword-blade or a spear-head. But you don't look surprised."

"I'm not," said Scarlett dryly. "Where did the cat stay last night?"

"In my room," replied Laura. "Then you think, too ——"

"Had you always kept him?" he interrupted.

"Why, no," she answered. "Last night was the first time. The guide had always taken care of him. But last night when we landed, Mr. Sanders said, 'Bring him along to show the children to-morrow.' I remember the courier objected, and Mr. Sanders snubbed him for being impudent."

"Miss Holborow," said Owen gravely, "it sounds foolish, but I think it's dangerous for you to keep that beast. The burglars came here because he came. Whether Borkman sent them, or whether he stood on guard against them, I can't tell yet. The entire affair is blind man's buff. But one thing I begin to see: wherever Chao Phya goes, there'll be trouble."

"I won't give him up now," she declared, with the pout of a spoiled child. "But we can't fill Mr. Sanders' house full of Chinese burglars, can we? Please tell me what to do."

"Promise me one thing," he answered. "When you engage passage back to Singapore, tell me, and let me take the same steamer. Our friend the King of Spades is not the safest of guides. Does your agreement let you discharge him here? No? Well, that might not be wise, anyway. You promise? Thank you. Then let me take Chao Phya home to-night and keep him. No, there's no danger, in a hotel full of people. So that's settled. And now, tell Mr. Sanders privately, without fail, just enough to show that you were frightened last night. So that he'll have a boy or two sleep in your veranda and the Sikh on close watch. Good!" Mr. Sanders peeped waggishly round the lamp at them.

"Aha!" he exclaimed; "I thought it was very quiet this side! Mr. Scarlett, you've forgotten to drink your *stengah*, and we're on the second. This *is* bad!"

Scarlett had man's natural contempt for cats; but as he lifted Chao Phya to the carriage cushions, he felt not ungrateful to this solemn, green-eyed puzzle.

From the veranda, Aunt Julia called down in astonishment: "Are you taking him?"

"Yes," he laughed back. "Miss Holborow lends him. A friend of mine is anxious to see him. In fact, several men. Good-night."

Just how anxious, he was soon to learn. The moon still lurked behind the eastern palm-groves, the road was a gully of ragged shadows. Once or twice, as they rolled along it, he seemed to hear footsteps pattering swiftly.

"Hi, *gharri-wallah!*" he called. The bearded Mohammedan pulled up. "Who runs behind? We had no *sais*."

The driver listened.

"Master, I think Ee-Sander Sahib send one man."

But the sound had stopped. The carriage was slowly getting under way again, when some one dived in head first—a half-naked Chinaman, thin and feverishly spry, clutched once in desperation just as Scarlett swept the cat under his left arm. With his right he struck out heavily. The man toppled into the road, but, rebounding like a ball, cleared the ditch, skimmed a hedge and was lost. The Mohammedan lashed the ponies. They had galloped a hundred yards before Scarlett discovered that Chao Phya was scratching venomously.

"By George, that chap ran lame!" he thought. "Laura's burglar—they keep a good watch. Now my troubles begin—but that one was harmless enough."

Under the lights of his veranda, however, he decided otherwise. A ragged triangle of leather, wads of curled hair, flapped at his shoulder. An upward stab had disemboweled the back cushion. His fist had been none too ready.

"So 'Christian Friend' was not bluffing," he told himself, when at last stretched on his bed.

The cat, sitting beside Owen's feet, blinked sagely at the night-lamp with goblin eyes of changing fire. He yawned hungrily, jingled his silver bells, then in slow revolution trod out a lair and curled down to sleep. Owen lay wakeful, or dozing wearily, started at every flutter of bats without, every stir of geckoes on his chamber wall. But the pink mists of dawn glimmered at last through the doors: nothing had happened.

And although, mindful of Ho Kong's letter, he stationed boys to watch for prowlers, and kept his room all afternoon, the hours dragged by tame and empty.

"Beast!" he grumbled next day at tiffin. "This makes five meals in my room, all on your account. If I owned you, Chao, my boy, I'd stop their nonsense—wring your neck. Keep out of my curry. Scat! You and your absurd collar both aren't worth sixty ticals." He examined it idly: the silver was thin and light, the workmanship curious but crude, the three silver cockle-shells—their edges slightly parted to make resonant the tinkling pellets within—were fat and clumsy. "No," he repeated; "in harness as you stand, Chao, not sixty. Hello, what's this?"

With his *gula* the boy Ah Ling brought in a basket of golden mangoes. Mr. San Dass sent them by bearer, explained Ah Ling: "Name card no have got."

"Sanders, eh," said Owen, choosing the most luscious. "He's a brick! These are number-one gold chop mangoes." He sliced one, and had raised the first spoonful to his lips, when Ah Ling laid beside the plate a letter addressed in a hand which drove all else to oblivion. He tore it open and read:

Dear Mr. Scarlett:

Aunt Julia has just decided that we go by the *Muang-Fang*, sailing to-morrow. The climate is getting too much for her, and the King of Spades *urgently advises her to go.*

All quiet here these last two nights. I hope it has been so with you.

In great haste,

L. H.

"Hurrah!" cried Scarlett. Clapping Chao Phya under his arm, and leaving both *gula* and mangoes untasted, he hurried down to his carriage. Just as he had booked for the *Muang-Fang*, and was leaving the office, he ran against a round little man, tight-buttoned in cheerful flannels.

"You here, too!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders. His red necktie lent a needless touch of heat to the torrid compound. He waggled a roguish finger. "I spy, I spy! Same steamer, eh? You sad young dog! *And* the cat—now I call that devotion, if you like!"

Owen reddened.

"I'll try to look out for them, sir. You see ——"

"I don't blame you," chirruped the older man. "Never leave a defenseless aunt! Lucky chap. . . . Youth, youth!"

"And Mr. Sanders," interrupted Owen stiffly, "let me thank you for the mangoes. They're capital."

"Mangoes?" The little gentleman frowned. "What mangoes?"

"Why, the basket you sent me this noon, sir."

"No fear!" cried Sanders jovially. "Not I. I've not seen a decent mango this season. Mangoes? You're in luck, but don't thank me. . . . Why, I've been pining for them this fortnight," he lamented. "You'd have been the first, my dear chap; but I couldn't have spared you a mango now if I had one."

A sudden idea made Scarlett a poor listener to the rest of the little man's chat. On reaching the hotel again his first act was to stuff two or three mangoes into his pockets. A friendly chemist in the dispensary stared at his request, disappeared smiling into a tiny laboratory, and returned with a puzzled face, very serious.

"May I ask where you got these?" he said. "Anonymous friend. Hmm! Quite right to be suspicious. Hydrocyanic acid, squirted full, permeated." He showed, in a strip of the mango skin, a pinhole puncture. "Regular subcutaneous, you see. Prussic enough to kill an elephant, sir."

"Good. Thank you," said Scarlett, laughing. "I don't die to-day. Some 'Christian Friend' will be disappointed."

But once outside he stopped smiling, and acknowledged the chill that had touched his spirit: death, the unreal and remote, had struck short by a fang's breadth. "It was at my lips!" he thought, staring downward, while streets and shops reeled past the carriage like shapes in a dream. "I should be dead some two hours . . . but for Laura's chit."

That night he changed his room to the opposite wing, and from midnight on paced barefoot in the dark veranda. Between moonset and dawn a black shape swarmed up the post below his former quarters, vanished within, reappeared, slid down to earth. Two other shadows joined it and moved off, whispering, toward the river. In the farthest corner of the compound, a bush gradually swelled, divided, threw off the shadow-bulk of a man standing on watch. Then noiseless, faint, like the last vestige of a thing imagined, it moved away slowly after the other three. For a second, crossing the smoky light of the servants' door, it focused as the silhouette of Borkman.

. . . . . .

When the little *Muang-Fang* next day swung southward from the fairy temple of Pak-nam, Scarlett heaved his shoulders as though to let slip all the burdens of a troubled kingdom. He was off, the Holborows were on board, and Chao Phya, by sufferance of an easy captain, lay in his lower bunk. Owen was about to lock him in, when he noticed that the cabin-boys had mixed their luggage. Among his bags lay an unfamiliar bundle of sticks, from which two had slipped out on the floor. One was the big, black tamarind that the guide had carried in the ruins. As Scarlett lifted it the knob of *kerbau* horn turned.

"Idiot! blockhead!" he muttered, twisting and tugging. Something clicked, gave way, and there in his hand, sliding from the polished wood, shone a bright sword-blade.

Some one laughed behind.

"Found it, have you?"

The guide, his great frame filling the doorway, smiled in mockery.

Scarlett, the naked sword in his hand, maintained an uncompromising stare. Hostile silence filled the little cabin.

"Well?" drawled the guide at last. He combed his beard with steady fingers. "Well, what of it?"

"I think," said Owen coldly, "any further talk should come from you."

"Very good. It will," replied Borkman with a robust air of generosity. "No reason why it should, you know. I'm not accountable to you. Only don't look so deuced righteous and judgmatical." He closed the door and cramped his great bulk down on the lounge below the port-hole. "Come, come," he laughed, "look natural, my boy. Unbend, unbend! Take your mask off, every one else is unmasked, eh?"

"Cut out the humor," replied Scarlett, sheathing the sword grimly. "And spare me your friendliness. Straight facts or nothing."

"As you please." The guide lighted a Burmah cheroot, and sighed forth a blue cloud of smoke. "Be a prig if you like. I see you're in a frightful wax because I killed that swine of a coolie. But he'd have done for me if I hadn't. 'Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed'—that doesn't appeal to me. So I hit first, and —— 'My vorpal blade went snicker-snack.' As you must have seen. Got the beast right enough. Finish! A good job, too. If we judge a man by his friends' characters, *you* ought to know that coolie was no angel. It's dry talking; just ring for drinks, won't you?"

Scarlett made no movement.

"Can't stoop to it, eh?" jeered Borkman. "Murderers not good enough? Now, look here, Mr. Virtue, I'll do some preaching on my own. I stuck that pig because I had to. You'd have done the same. It was kill or be killed. Young man ——" he pegged out his emphasis with a heavy index finger; his face and tone were candid—"young man, toward you I've had no feelings but the most friendly. But you pull a frozen face on me, and treat me like a stage villain. Actually, I believe you think I've plotted against you with that Chinese gang. No fear! Why, they've kept me sleepless for four nights. Your *majoe* told me the little lame Chinaman cut at you in your carriage driving home from dinner. Well, he'd have stayed and finished you if he hadn't known that I was running down the road after him. And last night, when those three went gunning for you in your bedroom, if I'd been on their side instead of yours, shouldn't I have told them that you'd changed quarters to the other wing? That was a sensible move, and gave me genuine pleasure. Genuine, by Jove! You see I've watched you closely, and as a friend."

CHAPTER V

THE deep-set eyes met Owen's without shift or tremor. Something in their light, as in the man's voice, told that he could not be altogether lying.

"But why," objected Scarlett, "why have you dragged these ladies into danger?"

"Accidental, dear chap!" cried the other eagerly. "Pure accident. I'm as sorry as you."

"Can't know when you *are* telling the truth," growled Scarlett. "So what's the use of asking you questions?"

"Now, is that a pretty speech?" complained the courier. "You've never tried me. Put some questions. Come on."

"Well, then, what is all this fuss? Why do you chaps poison and stab people for the sake of a cat?"

"Poison?" echoed Borkman. He whistled softly. "So they tried that on you, too. Hmm! Now you ask why. Mr. Scarlett, that's a hard question—a complex matter. You see, this cat ——" He pointed to Chao Phya, who sat in the bunk describing half-circles of ablution round his ear, with a puffy paw bent like a boxing-glove. "This particular cat happens to be a kind of sacred animal. A secret society ——"

Scarlett jumped up and flung open the door.

"That's enough!" he cried angrily. "Stop this baby-talk, and get out! I can't sit stewing in here over nonsense!"

Borkman rose, laughing. His opal eyes twinkled merrily.

"There you are," said he. "The moment I *do* try lying you bowl me clean. I'm no expert, my boy, and you're no fool. Now, honestly, I can't tell you the real facts just yet; but will this do? I prevailed on the old lady—pardon me, Mrs. Holborow—to come away for her health. *That* was true, for the place was getting too hot, in every sense. We're all absolutely safe now. And I give you my word that when we reach Singapore I'll explain everything—show you the whole bag of tricks. Come now, that's fair."

They stumbled out over the high threshold, for the ship had begun to pitch in a rising sea.

"That's fair," repeated Borkman. "You couldn't force me to say a word, you know. But I like your style."

Scarlett gave an unsociable grunt:

"Needn't bother, unless it's the truth."

"The whole truth when we land," replied the big man cheerfully. "And, mind you, we're not in the slightest danger now."

This seemed to be the case. In fact, for two days Owen found the voyage dull. On that first night the growing gale sent the ladies to their cabin, and as the *Muang-Fang* staggered out from the shelter of distant Cambodia, the gray waste of the South China Sea rolled full sweep in howling onslaughts. By day Owen watched their slow fight southward through whirling rain and smoking wave-crests; by night he see-sawed, half-awake, on a *charpoy* lashed beneath dripping canvas. Here he woke, in a dismal dawn, to find that the courier was mistaken.

A figure in a long, yellow oilskin coat flapped by, shouting:

"Get out, ye *suar!* Below with you! Can't speak your lingo, can't I?" A glistening rubber boot kicked out mightily. Something soft thumped the lower deck. "Perhaps you'll savee that!" shouted the man in oilskin. He turned chuckling—it was the first officer, a light-hearted young Anglo-Indian.

"Morning!" he laughed. "These coolies are *jungli* enough, aren't they? Think the whole bloody ship belongs to 'em! The beggar'd have nosed into your cabin if I'd not caught him."

Scarlett reeled to the ladder-head. The fallen prowler crawled up from the slewing deck, clutched a hand-rail, limped aft under the double awning. His dirty blue garb was that of a coolie, but his face the plump, baby face of Ho Kong, 'Christian Friend' and goldsmith's clerk.

The courier, then, had undervalued their opponents.

That day—which, like all days without Laura, dragged through stale, vacant hours—Scarlett spent in planning. By night he had evolved a simple stratagem. Deserting his canvas bed on deck, he took to his cabin and camped down on the little couch by the door, which he hooked back, invitingly open. Above his head was the switch for the light, and ready to hand lay his revolver. Chao Phya slept, tethered, in the lower berth.

"A little trap," thought Owen drowsily. "A trap for Christian Friends, and Chao Phya as bait."

To his disgust it caught nothing. Only one night more, and they would be in port. An unprofitable voyage; the stubborn puzzle of their situation enraged him; and except for inquiries and condolence, he had had no speech of Laura.

The last night wore away, till something woke him from uneasy sleep. The creaking roll had ceased; the ship throbbed steadily on even keel; and beside his couch daybreak glimmered vaguely in the doorway. But it was not these changes that had made him start, some other stir ——

He reached up cautiously. The knob of the switch clicked down. In the sudden glare a kneeling man leapt upright: Ho Kong's slant eyes blinked at the black muzzle of the Webley. Then both men sprang for the door. Just in time, Scarlett hammered the butt on the shaven forehead, knocked up the brass hook, slammed the door. He had forgotten that to Chinamen a gun is no threat. With a straight punch he sent the thief whimpering to the floor; then from the forgotten bundle of sticks drew Borkman's sword and held the point pricking the naked saffron chest.

"I should have remembered the cold steel pidgin first off," he said. "Now, Mr. Ho Kong, speak up. What thing you wantchee? What thing you catch inside here?"

An anxious twitch wrinkled the baby mask, vanished, left it smooth, cool, intellectual. Pillowed on a snaky tangle of queue, Ho Kong stared upward in blank innocence. From the bunk, the cat glowered at them both.

"Chop-chop!" growled Scarlett. "You speakee!" He pressed the sword-point harder, twirled it slightly.

"Yai-eee!" squealed the thief. "Yai-eee! Pleasse ik-scusse me! I b'long Chlistian boy! Bling *kim* off! I talkee You Honor all velly good!"

Scarlett maintained his pressure. The captive writhed.

"I—I come walkee here," he moaned; "wantchee catch him cat. You Honor pleasse ik-scusse me. I hop you?—ah velly well.

(Continued on Page 26)

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

XXIV

THE bears began to sell Roanoke tentatively and Rock let them do it without the slightest concern. Whatever they sold now they would have to buy back later; therefore the more the merrier, for if they sold at eighty-two and bought back at eighty-four or eighty-six, the difference, though slight, would be pleasant. But there suddenly developed scattering buying of Virginia Central that he could not account for. It might mean nothing, but he knew that an order to buy 10,000 shares of the stock, which one of the plunging professionals might easily take it into his reckless head to give, would make the price rise sensationally, and that would not do at all—not yet. Competitive buying is all very well when only a few thousand shares more are needed and the price is consequently of little importance, since the average cost is already practically fixed. He had barely 90,000 shares, and he disliked to reduce his holdings by selling should such buying develop. He heard with displeasure the rumor that the Great Southern was after the Virginia Central. It was untrue, of course, but, if enough people believed it, Virginia Central was bound to rise inopportunely. It would also make those who had Virginia Central stock hold it with the tenacity begotten of a fresh and blossoming hope—and Sampson Rock had striven to make that same hope wither.

Even now, a fresh slump in Virginia Central would do much good. Such a thing would be contrary to the general market's tendency and thus be doubly ominous. That slump would come when Morson, in Richmond, would give the word. The people in Virginia who had not sold when the stock was thirty would sell if, after touching forty, the price began once more to decline. They would figure that on the second slump it would make a lower record than ever. Sydney would get some big selling orders and instructions to execute them very carefully. That would make Sydney's customers think about the wisdom of holding their Central stock.

The Epoch, however, came out the next morning with a long article on the first page, saying it had the highest unofficial authority for the statement that the Great Southern had bought the controlling interest of the Virginia Central road. The writer took great pains and much space to show how very valuable the Virginia Central was, and how its acquisition would make the Great Southern the most powerful railway system south of Mason and Dixon's Line. The Epoch's Richmond correspondent was a complaisant and diligent man, and, having been asked by his New York paper to ascertain if any big blocks of Virginia Central had quietly changed hands recently, was able to learn enough about General Winfree's manœuvre and to surmise enough of Robinson's financial condition to telegraph back that a local syndicate had corralled some stock and had turned it over to parties unknown. At the New York end of the wire a *few* changes were made in the dispatch, among others to substitute "Great Southern" for "parties unknown," and "huge block" for "some stock." The "huge block" supplemented by what the Great Southern people had "quietly picked up" in the open market gave Roanoke's rival "the control." The writer added that President Robinson had "significantly" declined to deny or confirm the report.

It was quite obvious that, by the deal, the Roanoke fell back definitely into second place—it never had been indisputably first. But that was not the reason Sampson Rock's irritation was so great when he read the article. Before the market opened he gave his brokers orders to sell one thousand shares of Virginia Central every eighth of a point from forty-two up—and also to take back the same stock, on the downward reaction, at a quarter of a point below each broker's selling price. In Roanoke he gave supporting orders: one thousand shares every eighth of a point down, from eighty to seventy-five. The stock had closed at eighty-two. That should be more than ample, since Rock knew the story was a canard and he was at peace with all the other big capitalists who might fight with sixteen-inch guns.

The concern of the bull clique—which had "inspired" the article by the simple device of telling the reporter they had heard the news in confidence, but that it was sure to come out in a day or two—was chiefly with Great Southern, and the stock rose six points, being duly assisted by the clique brokers. Virginia Central tried to rise in sympathy with its absorber's advance, but the weight of Sampson Rock's sales, as well as some by friends of the Great Southern insiders who knew the report was untrue, and therefore bought Great Southern while they sold the other, kept Virginia Central from doing more than flutter feebly in its effort to soar. As for Roanoke, it went down to seventy-nine and seven-eighths and went back to eighty-two. It was a fizzle—the sensation—so far as

Saw the Toboggan Slide

Virginia Central was concerned, but the failure of the jobbing clique did not lift Sampson Rock's ill-humor. He could not punish the Great Southern crowd because he, like themselves, was committed to the bull side. He tried to telephone to Richmond early, but there was an electric storm south of Washington and the wires did not work well. He telegraphed to Morson to lose no time, and asked for details of what had been done in the negotiations for the purchase of the locally held Virginia Central stock. It was Judge Abercrombie who answered, his message being delayed in transmission:

Your son has full details. *W. A.*

His son had no business to have full details nor Abercrombie to know that there were any details whatever. It was therefore precisely the worst moment for Sam's triumphant return, a few minutes after Abercrombie's dispatch.

Sampson Rock, Jr., was in fine spirits and looked it.

"Hello, Governor!" he shouted, happily, from the door of the office. He loved his father for what he had been and for what he would be. A worker of wonders, a prestidigitator of dollars; but a builder of railroads, a giver of work, a general and—his father. The worker of wonders might be vexed at the philanthropy of the ignoramus, but the father should sympathize with the game as played by his son. And, moreover, there was the Great Work—the development of the coal-fields, the enlargement of the iron-works, the modernization of the obsolete Virginia Central—a *man's* task! . . .

"How do you do, Sam?" said Sampson Rock. His ticker-hypnotized eyes lighted up; the boy looked well, happy, affectionate. They shook hands.

"Did you have a good time, Sammy?" Rock smiled, though the ticker was whirring away furiously.

"You bet! How's the market?" It was unfortunate. Sam approached the ticker. "Great Scott, forty for Virginia Central!" He turned and said irrepressibly: "Bully for you, Dad!" The stock was not so far from the price he had paid Winfree and Moreland.

"What details have you that Abercrombie says you had? What have you been doing in Richmond?" asked Sampson Rock sharply, almost reproducing the staccato speech of the ticker.

Sam turned quickly. Sampson Rock was frowning, probably only from force of habit. He looked, for all his frown, unenlightened. Sam replied calmly:

"Exactly what you told me to do."

"What is it? What?" questioned Sampson Rock impatiently. He was still annoyed by the miscarriage of his calculations. He had planned deliberately, and had considered every contingency carefully. The plan should have gone through without a hitch and he should, by now, have acquired fully two-thirds of the 175,000 shares of Virginia Central by means of the campaign of depression, exactly as he had planned to do. The Southern holdings of the stock had not come out, for all that the road was discredited at home and Robinson was up to his ears in the slough of financial despond. He now expected that Morson would telegraph bad news—that is, suspicious stockholders and a tight grip on the shares.

"You told me," said Sam, conscious that he was not acting or talking as he had meant to act and speak, and yet somehow unable to blurt out the whole story without preamble, "to get facts the next time I spoke to you about your business." He paused. Then he finished, a trifle defiantly, by reason of the look on his father's face: "Well, I've got them." He was not thinking of what he had been, nor of what he was, but of what he would be. *He* would reorganize the Virginia Central in due time, and his father would help him. But he felt that his father would insist on a few more years at the railroad kindergarten and the habit of listening, not of speech.

"I didn't tell you to spend half a million to get them," began Rock irritably.

"I've spent more than that, Dad." Sam smiled. It was not a fatuous smile; rather it was meant to be an encouraging and conciliating grin—to prepare the ground by allaying irritation. But Sampson Rock said impatiently:

"For Heaven's sake, Sam, don't play at having brains. You discourage me. What have you done? Have you seen Morson? What does Abercrombie's telegram mean?"

"I'm not sure I know what he means," said Sam with composure, "not knowing what he has telegraphed you." Sampson Rock misread Sam's look. It seemed to him one of empty-headed complacency. It exasperated him. He muttered something that sounded like a dissyllabic oath. Sam went on:

"I found out you had sent Morson after options on all the Austin County coal lands he could lay his hands on. So I've secured sixty-eight per cent. of the stock of the Austin Iron Company at a little over forty dollars a share."

Sampson Rock actually sighed. It was a half-impatient, half-resigned sigh, an exhalation inarticulate, but subtly profane. He shook his head and said:

"That was foolish, Sam. Hang it, the time wasn't ready for it!"

"Yes, it was. The moment the Virginia Central was safe in your possession, that was the time to get the iron company's stock. Of course, people would sell it at forty when it began to pay ten or fifteen per cent. dividends. I should have waited a few years."

"Bosh!" It was a father's reply to a son's youthful sarcasm.

"You don't have to bother with it. I can sell it at a profit. Darrell and I are in this and ——"

"It ties up a lot of money." Sampson Rock's fingers were drumming on the table. He did not like to call upon the members of his syndicates until he was certain of success. That way they were content with smaller profits, the risk being slight. The half-million he had paid out on Sam's account was needed elsewhere.

"I told you to sell my bonds."

"Look here, Sam," and the look on Sampson Rock's face was not pleasant, "you must never do that again. They were your mother's. Never do it again. Never dare to think of doing it again. Do you hear me, Sam?" It was Sam's threat about the bonds that had made him honor the draft. He now resented the compulsion hotly.

"Yes, I hear you. However, the Austin Iron Company was only a side issue, of not much importance. You are going to help me reorganize it. There was something else."

"Another gold mine?" Sampson Rock frowned. Then he looked resigned.

"I didn't go into it to make money, but to do a square thing, because I found I would like the work."

Sampson Rock now felt certain his son had committed the unpardonable sin of stupidity—the one thing that Wall Street never has time to forgive—the punishment follows so quickly. He asked impatiently:

"What is it? Who advised you?"

"You did." Sam looked steadily at his father.

"Go on, you silly ——" What Rock now wished to know was exactly how many dollars Sam's inexperience and volubility would cost him.

"If you told me the truth, which I am sure you did, I can sell something for seventy-five that I have bought for less. I have bought Colonel Robinson's stock, 50,000 shares at sixty-five."

"Fifty thousand at sixty-five?"

"Yes, Dad." Before Sam could tell his father about Winfree's 33,000 at fifty and about the 25,000 in Sydney's office, Sampson Rock shouted:

"Why did you meddle with this matter? Why did you pay him such a fool price? Why ——" His face was flushed with anger. It showed also in his eyes, but most of all in the unpleasant dilation of the nostrils.

"You think that's a fool price, do you? I suppose that's because it's only a little less than it's worth, and that goes against the grain. I wanted to cinch the control and do it at once and do it like a gentleman. You just try to get any stock in Richmond for less." He felt a sense of hot resentment that blotted out the thrilling vision of the Great Work.

Fury flooded Sampson Rock's soul to overflowing. Obviously Sam had talked not wisely, but too much. The fifty thousand shares from Robinson was not enough, and the task of getting the balance of the majority at a low price had deliberately been made more difficult by his own son. The news had been given to the world through a megaphone—from his own office. And the son had taken a million dollars from Sampson Rock's pocket and stuffed it into Robinson's.

"Ugh!" snarled Sampson Rock, his hands clinched. "Why did you think you had brains? Why did you meddle? Who gave you authority to buy ——"

"I did it," said Sam doggedly. "That's all there is about it. And now ——"

"Yes, you did it! You are a Napoleon of finance! You ought to open a school for teaching people how to do business! You might possibly tell me, while you are about it, where you are going to get the money to pay for it. Not from me!"

Sampson Rock was a practical financier, wise, cool-headed, steel-nerved and lightning-witted. He had wanted what Sam had in his possession; he could use it even now to advantage. In thinking of the deal he had thought only of results; and of results not in more dollars for Sampson Rock but in increased tonnage for the Roanoke. In the end it worked out in more dollars, anyhow. But also he had been overworking for years and he was human. He had wanted the stock, but he wanted to get it himself in his own carefully-planned way—the way to which he was accustomed. He would have changed his plans in the twinkling of an eye had the need arisen; but even then that would have been a change effected by himself. It was not stubbornness, nor wounded artistic pride, nor the high price paid, nor egotism that made him angry enough to refuse Sam's option. It was a little of all these, but mostly it was a curious twist in his character. He was very fond of oysters, but he would not eat them unless they came to the table on a shallow white dish, very cold but without cracked ice.

A very wise man knows that even wiser men are capable of saying foolish things at times. But Sam was not in a very wise mood. He retorted stubbornly:

"If you want it, you'll have to pay me seventy-five dollars for it and treat the minority decently. If you don't I'll keep it myself. And if I find I can't swing it by myself, I'll see if somebody else won't help me, here or in London. All that road needs is brains and hustle, and men that have that can be hired."

All his anger at the oysters which had come to the table on the wrong dish vanished. Sampson Rock was conscious of Sam's boyish determination—and conscious of treachery from his son, his only son, the heir to his money and his work. Again a problem, far more momentous than the absorption of the Virginia Central, confronted him. He rose and began to walk up and down the room, snapping his fingers behind his back, thinking of the future of that son of whom he had begun to have hopes. Perhaps the boy had been merely hasty; that came from inexperience. He had been indiscreet; that also might have come from inexperience. He might not be a hopeless ass. He might yet learn.

Rock halted in his walking abruptly and said to his son, with an effort to speak kindly:

"Never mind, Sam. We'll see what we can do to repair your folly."

"Folly nothing!" retorted Sam. "I know better. Before you can sell your own Virginia Central stock to the Roanoke you'll have to buy mine at my price, and you know it. If you don't, you ought to realize it as soon as you can. I haven't told you all." The obstinacy that settled on his face was not at all the pertinacity of an intelligent man.

"Don't talk that way to me, you jackass!" Sampson Rock's face flushed hotly and he spoke loudly.

"I take after you and you don't realize it yet," said Sam defiantly. "Leaving aside all question of right or wrong, suppose I tell you that I've listened to you and I've taken your advice and, in becoming a business man of your type, I tell you right now and here that you'll have to buy Robinson's stock from me at seventy-five, and more stock besides at the same price, or you won't carry your deal through? What do you say to that?"

He was looking at his father unblinkingly, his face a trifle pale, his jaw set firmly, his hands clenched as though they were clutching the control of the Virginia Central and the power that went with it. There was something distinctly unpleasant about his expression. And yet he was once more thinking of the Great Work; and he wondered if, left to himself, he could not make Rogers transform the V. C. while Darrell looked after the Austin Iron Company.

Sampson Rock drew in a deep breath. He looked steadily at Sam, but said nothing. Of a sudden he turned and walked to the ticker. He passed the tape through

"You've Said Enough for One Day"

his fingers. The market was quiet; the early excitement had subsided. His previous orders, given in expectation of a flurry, had not been executed; there had been no occasion for the elaborate preparations, it now seemed. The early orders would be ample for any contingency likely to arise before the market's close. He would leave the office and go somewhere, out of sight of Sam, whose looks, whose words, whose very presence irritated him beyond calm utterance. It was not a stock-market problem he wished to think about, but one far more important for a man with an only child—far more important and very much more common. He was calm now, but Sam would upset him again with his next sentence. He would not give Sam the chance. It was better for him to leave the office than for Sam. Everything in this room reminded him of his work. It made him think the work would die with him. There was no heir to his work.

It is always the human factor that spells failure as well as success.

He avoided looking at his son. Of a sudden he rang the bell for Valentine.

"Valentine, tell Mr. Dunlap to cancel the selling orders in Virginia Central. The supporting orders in Roanoke stand as given out this morning. I'm off for the day."

"Yes, sir. In case ——"

"I'll be at the Ardsley Club. But don't bother me unless it is something very important."

"Very well, sir."

"I say, Dad ——" began Sam. He was frowning. The occasion called for calm discussion.

Rock held up a silencing hand.

"You've said enough for one day. I don't want to hear another word from you. You may possibly succeed in realizing that your meddling with my business will cost me several hundred thousand dollars ——"

"Can't you think of anything but money when you talk to me?" cried Sam fiercely. "Listen to what I have to say, and then ——"

"Not now, not now!"

Gilmartin entered unannounced. Rock had told Valentine to send the reporter in the moment he showed up. He had some Roanoke news to give out, to discourage what selling might be prompted by the Epoch article.

"There's no reason why the Virginia Central deal can't go through as originally planned," said Sam. He controlled his feelings and spoke very earnestly, unaware of the reporter's presence. "I can't see why the Roanoke ——"

"I know you can't see. You can't see a lot. But I tell you it won't," said Sampson Rock decisively. But even as he spoke he knew it would. He would make the best of a bad bargain. He would exercise Robinson's option, but not until he was certain he could not do better. He would telegraph for Abercrombie to come to New York at once. Nevertheless, the father's problem of the son and heir remained. It could not be studied in this office at this time.

"This talk of yours is not going to make Roanoke sell at par," began Sam, with a weak attempt at conciliatory humor.

"It isn't going to sell there now, thanks to intelligent interference."

"And your great plans for changing the State of Virginia so its own mother wouldn't recognize ——"

"Oh, you ——"

Gilmartin, whose heart had skipped on an average three beats out of seven while he was listening, had a flash of wisdom—and promptly stepped outside. Then he rattled the door-knob and peered into the office before entering. He precisely succeeded in checking the Old Man's expression of opinion about his only son.

"Good-morning, Mr. Rock." Gilmartin's heart was not skipping beats now, but it was going very fast.

"What do you want?"

"They said you wanted to see me."

"They lied. I don't."

"Do you care to say anything about the Epoch story that the Great Southern ——"

"What the deuce do I care what the Great Southern does? Why don't you ask Winter? He's the president of it."

"It will hurt the Roanoke, won't it?" said Gilmartin. The next moment he shuddered at his own temerity. It was a waste of fear, for Sampson Rock merely scowled and said impatiently:

"No; why should it?"

"I—well, everybody says ——"

"Everybody is always right," interrupted Sampson Rock sarcastically. Gilmartin had never seen the Old Man in such a mood. Even without the evidence of his ears he would have known the Roanoke deal was off, from the Old Man's manner. The Old Man had tried and failed. Failure might possess the charm of novelty to the great and successful Sampson Rock; but it had not made the great and successful Sampson Rock amiable.

"Doesn't that mean the Roanoke deal you told me about is off?" asked Gilmartin, regardless of consequences. There was about $400 or $500 profit in the two hundred shares the Old Man, in a more amiable mood, had bought for him the day before.

"You certainly have a nerve, Gilmartin," said Rock with an admiring sneer. "You'll be running my business for me next week. Since I have no secrets from you, Gilmartin, you might as well begin at once. I'll leave you in charge of my son. He needs a nice, discreet man for confidential adviser. I won't be home to dinner, Sam."

"Wait a minute, Dad!" exclaimed Sam hastily.

But Sampson Rock went out. Captain of finance though he was, he slammed the door.

Sam approached the ticker almost mechanically. He was still dazed by his father's anger and his own resentment, and puzzled at the unbusinesslike refusal to hear the whole story. His father might have haggled as to price, and Sam would have turned the option over at cost. But anger at having to pay a fair price—that did not accord with his new conception of Sampson Rock's character and business hopes. His father had 90,000 shares of Virginia Central, and Sam 108,000—that was more than enough. And the deal; the doing of the thing—that was the thing, not the money. Was the deal definitely off? If so, what was to be done? He racked his mind for an answer.

The thought of the possible loss of his money never occurred to him. It was how to develop Austin County's resources, how to make the Virginia Central as good a railroad as the Roanoke. With money he could do it—his jaws were tightly set as he thought—but he was without capital. He must induce his father to help. He began to say to himself now what he should have said to Sampson Rock—what he would say that night at home. His father would listen; he felt certain of it. The Great Work could not be sacrificed. He would compel Sampson Rock to help, for the Virginia Central *must* be changed into a second Roanoke! He drew in a deep breath, his eyes fixed on the tape unseeingly.

XXV

"MR. ROCK," said Gilmartin courageously, as he approached at one and the same time Sam and the ticker, "could you tell me anything more about the matter?"

Sam turned to the reporter.

"About what matter?" he asked. "I've just come back from the South." He saw the look that irrepressibly flashed in Gilmartin's eyes, and remembering whose son he was he added calmly: "I am interested in an iron property down there."

The evasion was too obvious; but Gilmartin did not again betray himself. He remarked casually, with a faint air of being in the confidence of Sampson Rock, Sr.:

"Do you know, I felt certain that the Roanoke would gobble up the Virginia Central?" He looked at young Rock sympathetically, making the Roanoke a family affair, and its failures a matter of personal regret.

"Yes?" said Sam, very politely. One thing was for him to disagree with his father; another to help his father's foes by telling anything to reporters. He added, to throw this hound off the scent: "What would the Roanoke do with the Virginia Central?"

"What?" echoed Gilmartin. "For one thing, it would cut the gizzard out of the Great Southern! To check the Great Southern expansion in competitive territory alone would make Roanoke sell at par." Jupiter, head god and railroad expert, had spoken. If Sam's ignorance was feigned he would now realize its uselessness. If it was real, he would be enlightened. Attempts to deceive were vain.

"Roanoke will do that some day, anyhow," said Sam. He elected himself the mouthpiece of the stock-market and confidently added: "With or without the Virginia Central."

Gilmartin was tip-proof by now. He said, as if soliloquizing:

"The question is, can the Roanoke get the Virginia Central?" He frowned strainingly, as if he were trying to read the answer in his own brain.

"That's the question," acquiesced Sam very amiably, because he saw his way clearly enough now. "Yes, Mr. Gilmartin; *that* is the question. And you'd better ask it of Colonel Robinson. He's a very truthful man. Ask him if he will sell his holdings." The spirit of Sampson Rock passed into him uninvited; it simply came. It made him finish: "Even at one hundred dollars a share."

Gilmartin, not fearing the youngster, ventured: "If the Great Southern offers him more than the Roanoke, I'll bet he ——"

"Don't bet, Mr. Gilmartin, unless you are absolutely certain you will win. But there is no absolutely safe bet in this world. I used to think there was; but horses are so uncertain! I don't know whether the Great Southern can gather up enough Virginia Central stock to give it the control, but I am inclined to doubt it. I think if they try they will soon tell you that yours is no safe bet." Sam was speaking with a sort of ingenuous wisdom—the wisdom of a rich man's son playing at business. It was almost sinful to take advantage of this boy, Gilmartin thought. But business was business, no matter who played it. He was no eleemosynary institution, even if he was a reporter, for on the two hundred shares of Roanoke which the boy's father had given him there was a nice little paper profit. Should that profit be taken? The answer depended on the deal, its success or its failure. He would not overstay the market in Roanoke as he had in Virginia Central. He said:

"Then you don't think the control of the Virginia Central has passed to another road?" His manner invitingly showed that he himself did not believe it had.

"Not that *I* know of," answered Sam from the ticker without looking up, as he had seen his father speak. "But really, I don't think it's such an important matter. The Roanoke," he explained, thrilled with the beautiful misleading words that came to him and gave him a sense of loyalty to his father and of progress in the Great Work, "has got along very nicely without the Virginia Central so far. I've just gone over the Roanoke. It's in fine shape."

It was as plain as day to Gilmartin that the Roanoke crowd had tried to get the Central and had failed, to their great chagrin and financial damage. Now, unless the Great Southern had secured the Virginia Central, it probably would do to sell Virginia Central stock short again. But it was certain as anything could be that to sell Roanoke short now was the twin-brother of getting money for the asking. He saw very distinctly what wisdom consisted of. He was poor, and it was no seventh Heaven worrying about the rent. This was the twentieth of the month, too.

"Thank you, Mr. Rock. Good-morning."

"You must not say I said anything," said Sam. He felt it wise to look uneasy. "I don't think my father would like me to speak to any one about Roanoke. It's a very fine stock, you know. I think it will go to par." It was his very obvious overeagerness to impress Gilmartin that made his words unconvincing to the reporter. He was a pleasant-spoken youngster, and so deep—about half an inch. Gilmartin felt himself so much cleverer than Sam that he liked Sam.

"I hope so." He spoke very gently and reassuringly. "Of course, Mr. Rock, I sha'n't repeat anything you've told me. If I hear anything of interest I'll come in and tell you."

"That will be very nice of you, I'm sure," said Sam with a grateful smile.

"He's pie," thought Gilmartin. "I'll cultivate *him*." He told Valentine to sell out his two hundred Roanoke and waited for the report of the sale. Rock might be angry when he read what Gilmartin would print about the Roanoke, and Gilmartin was taking no chances. Captains of finance might "welsh," just out of spite. The stock was sold at eighty-one and five-eighths. With the memorandum of the sale safe in his pocket and the promise of Valentine to send him a check, he hastened away, not to print his suspicions, but to see Samuel W. Sharpe, the great bear operator; for Gilmartin now had information to sell as well as to print. The selling came first. He was a journalistic parasite, whose industry in gathering market gossip alone made anybody employ him. He knew that the average speculator did not desire facts, but gossip—"explanations" of market movements, past, present and to come, such as might furnish not reasons, but excuses, for gambling blindly—and he supplied it. He was successful. Respected nowhere, he was tolerated everywhere. The other financial reporters laughed at his insensibility to snubs. But perhaps that very thick hide gave him the entrée into nearly every office in the Street, big or little. The wise rich found him cheap; the foolish poor were impressed by his omniscience.

"I have a big thing for you, Mr. Sharpe. The Roanoke has been trying to get control of the Virginia Central and has failed. The Rock crowd were so sure they had it that they started to put up Roanoke on the strength of it. They are loaded to the guards with it. And now the whole thing's off."

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Rock admitted it to me."

"Then they have it safe." Being a "big man" himself, Sharpe knew his fellows and had no illusions on the subject of veracity.

"No, no! Don't be too suspicious and don't think I'm that much of an ass. I heard him say so to his son when he didn't know I was in the room. I saw young Rock afterward. He told me the Roanoke did not have the Virginia Central, but that neither had the Great Southern. He didn't know he was saying anything out of the way. I know Mr. Rock expected to put the deal through this week and that it's all off now. Robinson wouldn't sell his holdings. He has refused one hundred dollars a share. If somebody else hasn't got the Virginia Central, it ought to be a good thing to sell that, too, for the Rock crowd will have to unload what they've got, now that they've found they can't get enough to control. But there surely can be no question about Roanoke being sure money on the short side."

Sharpe did not deign to answer, but walked quickly to his desk, took up the telephone and called up 7777 Cortlandt. On his face was the usual fierce frown. He was a financial free-lance, a soldier of fortune whose brain was a great army. A "trader" on a large scale, his foes called him, but he was more than a mere plunger: he was a stock-market strategist of the first rank, who often made a million dollars on the offensive keep ten millions on a long and desperate defensive. He was ready to fight at the drop of the hat and to gamble on the blink of an eyelid. He chronically frowned, because his financial life was never unmenaced for a single minute; it was an uncomfortable existence, his—to the other big operators. The most powerful leaders on the bull side are never powerful enough to do without allies. Sharpe, as a bear, needed none. He was the spirit of the stock-market embodied in a hyena. In his triumphs he snarled; in his good humor he sneered. If he laughed, sardonically, it was at the smallness of the gun with which he sometimes battered down a seeming Gibraltar. Not even the thought that his accumulated dollars represented the coined terror of the multitude made him smile. He was suspected of loving his horses. Accused of it pointblank one day by this same unwise Gilmartin, he denied it with passionate profanity. But that was a pose. He did love his horses—and his enemies' money.

"Hello? Mr. Winter, please—Hello?—Who is this? Tell Mr. Winter that Mr. Sharpe is on the 'phone—Winter? —Yes!—Has the Great Southern got the control of the Virginia Central?—Never mind that! Have you or haven't you?—Have you any of the stock at all?—Very well.—I understand Rock tried to get it for the Roanoke and failed.—Know anything about it? H'm!—Who told you? Then it will do to sell a little?—Sell what?—Virginia Central?—You are old enough to know what to do.—Yes, I'm going to sell some.—Of course, Roanoke; did you think I meant house-furnishing goods?—The market ought to have a reaction, anyhow.—How much?—Five thousand?—Very well; the first ten thousand will be joint account—you keep your hands off it—I don't care what your friends do.—Sure, tell them in twenty minutes. —How did you make out with your bull movement in Great Southern?—I'm sorry you did not see me first, before doing such a fool trick.—Stick to railroad management hereafter. —Certainly not!—On the contrary, *put up* Great Southern. —This is the very time to do it. It will make it look as if you had something up your sleeve; yes, and also some brains higher up—of course.—And, for Heaven's sake, tell your broker not to begin on Great Southern until Roanoke starts to slide for keeps. Yes—Good-by!"

He started, in his quick, stealthy way, unpleasantly like some feline animal's, toward the ticker and perceived the fascinated Gilmartin, who had listened to the conversation of the famous stock-gambler with the conservative and respected president of the Great Southern.

Sharpe's shaggy eyebrows came together and he snarled: "What are you doing here?"

His eyes took on a cold, menacing look. It was an habitual trick of his to disconcert people who would make money through and out of him—a form of hypnotism not unlike that practiced on their victims by certain beasts of prey, Oriental bullies and prize-ring champions. But Gilmartin was too excited by the scent of the coming dollars to heed it.

"Old Rock has gone for the day," he said, very quickly, "and there's nobody in the office. This is your chance, Mr. Sharpe. You know how he works. Probably his supporting orders are not for more than ten thousand shares in all. Why, if this deal is off, you can smash the stuffing out of Roanoke!" He all but saw the smash, in his excitement. Sharpe was a wonderful stock-market general, the Phil Sheridan of the ticker.

"Rock is a clever man," said Sharpe, half to himself. Then wholly to Gilmartin: "He's almost as clever as you, Gilmartin. And you know you're a wonder."

The lust of gain made Gilmartin not only impervious to Sharpe's sarcasm, but preternaturally quick in divining Sharpe's doubts and suspicions, also brave as a lion or an equal of Sharpe. He retorted quickly:

"And you've got both of us beat a mile! See here, Mr. Sharpe, I don't want to know what you are going to do with my information, or even if you are going to use it or not. I only want you to sell some Roanoke for me. You always wish me to bring you what news I get."

"All right, Gilmartin. You just write what you've told me and publish it in twenty minutes; not one second before. I'll sell five hundred Roanoke for you at once. Let me know promptly anything more you may hear."

Gilmartin started for the door, wasting no time in expressions of gratitude

(Continued on Page 33)

"What are You Doing Here?"

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Life Insurance on the Level

NEARLY eight hundred thousand policyholders of the New York and the Mutual Life Insurance Companies voted for the trustees of their choice. Practically every policyholder had a fair chance to vote. For the first time in their history, therefore, we shall have an administration of these companies which originated in the deliberate choice of the insured. This is the new condition which the elections establish.

Unless the atmosphere at headquarters retains, to a fairly incredible degree, that opaque quality which distinguished it under the McCurdy-McCall régime, this new fact will be a bright guiding star. There will be no excuse now for an administration's failure to comprehend that the companies belong exclusively to their policyholders. We doubt very much if, up to the close of the polls, that fact was fully comprehended in either company.

The insurance problem is not yet settled. The immense waste caused by the race for new business continues, with only some slight abatement due to the prohibition of rebates and first-year commissions of larcenously excessive size. This waste is not to the interest of the insured. There is no profit to a policyholder in having his company grow big by giving away all or two-thirds of the first-year cost of carrying new policies. Whether policyholders regard themselves in the eleemosynary light which Mr. McCurdy so much admired, and desire to keep on paying the freight in order that other people may be persuaded to avail themselves of the benefits of life insurance—at the same high cost which the strife for new business entails—is a question that has not yet been decided. We do not believe that they do. The last two years, life insurance has received an amount of advertising and explanation hardly ever before given to any interest. We think most people now—for the first time—comprehend its basic principles.

We believe the time is at hand when the most economically managed life insurance company will gain business on its merits.

Astray in the Simple Life Patch

EVERY now and then certain people with peculiar views about religion or government or marriage get together and, shaking the dust of civilization from their feet, strike out for some lonely place where they can do the world over to suit themselves and live the simple life. Sometimes it is a matter of fresh air and relief from the servant question that moves them, as in the case of Mr. Upton Sinclair's colony. Again it is a religious motive mixed with business, as in Dowie's Zion, where the business end got snarled up and Zion went into the hands of a receiver.

One of the most grotesque of these experiments was that company of German socialists and poets who went to found the Brotherhood of the Sun on the island of Kobakon in the South Seas. They dispensed with clothes, fed off the trees, and eliminated work; but the natives got after them and uncooked food proved bad for their effete digestions. They died.

The one thing common to all these experiments in new methods of living is that they invariably fail. The trouble may be with the sort of people who go into them: they would fail under any circumstances. Or, maybe, the cruel outside world is hard on pure-minded poets and idealists, and expects them to pay their debts contracted for supplies. But the fundamental reason why they always have failed and always will fail might be that man, being a product of certain processes that have been going on for many generations, cannot safely shift his habits and make himself into something altogether new. He can't eat raw food and go without clothes. And he can't healthily get along without that society of his fellows which he despised while he had it. He pines for the good old scrap-heap of society, with all its injustice.

The only way to lead the simple life is to be simple—wherever you are.

The Snobbery of Power

THE psychology of the railroad pass goes pretty deep into human nature. The mere amount of money saved by the use of a pass, telegraph or express frank is generally inconsiderable to the happy possessors of these privileges. It is not their money value, but their snob value that counts. When the traveler flashes a railroad pass before the eyes of the obsequious conductor, he feels a gratifying enlargement of his personality; any one can see that he is no common man.

Doubtless, the official who gave the pass was bored at the request, but he had some pride in being able to hand out the favor. This accounts for the hard death of the pass system in all its forms; it flatters the pride, the sense of power, both of the giver and of the recipient, places them both in a class apart from the common kind that has to pay vulgar cash for what it gets. In somewhat the same way, probably, the rebate system has been kept up long after any excuse of a business nature justified it.

To get something for nothing, or to get it for considerably less than one's neighbor pays for it, is peculiarly gratifying to mankind. And to do favors, with or without a return in kind, is one of the many forms of egotism. They are manifestations of Power; the desire for Power and the pride in Power are the strongest motives now driving forward the wheels of business. The system is not based purely on hunger for money; rather the huge fortunes are piled up in order to exercise and display superior Power, to give free transportation and favors of a less trivial character. The thirst for Power—that is the chief source of the rank individualism of American life to-day.

The great man is the one who can hand out most favors.

The Hard-Coal Trust

THE Geological Survey values the mineral production of the United States last year at $1,623,877,127. Eight years ago it was only $646,992,582—the increase having been almost a billion dollars. Gold and silver account for only $122,402,683. The largest items are: iron, $382,450,000; copper, $139,795,000; petroleum, $84,157,000; hard coal, $141,879,000; soft coal, $334,878,000. These are all strictly monopolized articles except soft coal, and that is getting pretty thoroughly trustified, too. The Geological Survey gives the value at the mines. Before the articles reach consumers the price must be loaded sufficiently to pay forty to fifty per cent. dividends on Standard Oil stock, and to yield a return on the very dropsical capitalization of the Steel Trust and the hard-coal railroads.

Hard coal, an absolutely monopolized product, is worth two dollars a ton at the mine. Consumers pay an average of about seven dollars a ton. Between the mine and the furnace, five dollars a ton, or $350,000,000 a year, is added to the price.

Reading, one of the cornerstones of the anthracite trust, has a little over a thousand miles of road and is capitalized at $317,000,000. Chicago and Northwestern, with 7400 miles of road, is capitalized at $224,000,000; St. Paul, with 7000 miles, at $230,000,000. The Western roads are capitalized at a little over $30,000 a mile. Reading at more than $300,000 a mile. But Reading produces eleven million tons of hard coal a year, and it pays dividends on all its stock, including the common, which was considered practically worthless a few years ago. Erie, another hard-coaler, is capitalized at $175,000 a mile, but produces about seven million tons of anthracite a year, and a year and a half ago was able to begin paying dividends on the second preferred stock.

As for the wealth that our copper mines produce—but why pursue so painful a subject?

A Cutthroat Game

EVER the mullet eats the minnow, and the shark the mullet. The concentration of money and commercial power into greater masses and fewer hands—reducing the middle classes to the state of proletarians—upon which the Socialists count to bring about their new dispensation, is observable in many directions.

"Capitalism," says Marx, "digs its own grave." It seems to be even so in Chicago's most celebrated institution. We hear that schism and disruption threaten the Board of Trade. The great elevator houses, it is alleged, have so absorbed and dominated the market that a host of small traders who formerly flourished in exuberant middle-class independence are reduced to a pinched and starveling proletarian condition. They still possess the tools of their trade—a pasteboard card and a blunt lead-pencil. But, by a horrid mockery of capitalist exploitation, whenever they attempt to ply these tools, the expropriators of the pit soak 'em again. Instead of dwelling brotherly under the communistic principle, "From each according to his ability, to all according to their needs," the elevator men, it is said, propose this: "We will keep the ability: you may have the needs."

A division and two Boards are now mentioned. We hope much for the proletarian Board. Remembering its afflictions under the capitalist régime, it should take advanced economic ground. We do not see why country gentlemen with a few hundred to bet on wheat should not be regarded as common property and handled for the equal benefit of all, thereby avoiding the manifold wastes of competition and the injustice that inevitably arises when one, more strong or cunning, is permitted to absorb the surplus value created by others. We believe the country gentlemen themselves would favor this if they really knew what was coming to them.

A Futile Objection

SENATOR SPOONER has already propounded the deep question whether Congress has power, under the commerce clause of the Constitution, to bar the products of child labor, as the Beveridge bill proposes. This, of course, was inevitable; and we may now expect a constitutional debate in the Senate as ponderous, as interminable and as useless as that which characterized its deliberations over the railroad rate bill.

Mr. Spooner should be understood. He is a humane man. Brutal exploitation of the labor of little children grieves him. "But," says he, "is it or is it not constitutional? True, this child is abused. The heart and soul are being ground out of him to fatten an industry. The life is scooped out of him in his teens. He will have to get along afterward as best he can with the mere husk. But—let us go back and ponder what Marshall said in the laudanum case. That has a vital bearing on childhood, both laudanum and paregoric containing opium. Let us debate and thunder and twaddle for several months. Then—we can pass a bill in the blissful assurance that the Supreme Court will finally decide whether or not it is constitutional, and that after the debate we shall be no nearer to knowing what the decision will be than we were before.

"If the child dies in the mean time we will adopt a resolution of regret."

The Profit in Dry Stocks

THE Great Northern Railway is capitalized without water. As money has been needed the last nine years, shareholders have taken stock, paying in their par value. Each time these "rights" to subscribe to the new stock at par have been salable at a large premium. The aggregate market value of the "rights" thus accruing since 1898 has amounted to two hundred and fifty-one dollars a share, besides which the regular cash dividends have amounted to sixty-two dollars a share. The extra dividend to stockholders in the form of ore-lease certificates raises the total to three hundred and ninety-eight dollars a share. The Great Northern runs over mountain ranges where construction and operation are expensive, and through sparsely-settled regions. We merely mention this as indicating that railroading, for those who can get in on the ground floor, without having to pay for "water," is not an entirely profitless enterprise.

Uncle Joe's Marionettes

MEMBERS of the House have refused to countenance the proposal that they raise their salaries. A member's most important duty at present is to yield cheerful obedience to the Speaker. Almost any one with sufficient command of intellectual and vocal powers to say "Aye" when his name is called can do that. Perhaps the members of the House felt that five thousand dollars a year is about all it is worth to the country, taking it by and large.

But what the House thinks about a measure is of no particular importance. It did not want the Statehood bill nor the Philippine tariff bill last winter, yet dutifully passed both. It does not want a ship subsidy bill this winter, but we hear it will pass one if the President and the Speaker deem it worth while to exert sufficient pressure. It cannot hold out long against the overpowering lure of the "pork barrel." If salaries were equitably adjusted according to responsibility and power the average member would get five dollars a week, and the Speaker a million a year. We should like to see a House composed of ten-thousand-dollar members who were worth it. But, so long as the House is satisfied carefully to tie itself into a compact bundle and lay the end of the string in the hand of its presiding officer, there seems to be no good reason for raising its wages.

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY

WASHINGTON is the City of the Lonesome Rich and the Hopeful Poor. It is filled with people who exude money at every pore and with people who have no visible means of support. You can go into the New Willard Hotel any night at six o'clock and step on the toes of forty soldiers of fortune who are soldiering there. If you happened to walk up Connecticut Avenue two hours earlier you saw a procession of the Lonesome Rich motoring up and down, and getting cross-eyed trying to look on both sides of the street at once, so no official or diplomatic dignitary should pass without a chance to nod affably at the lonesome ones.

The Lonesome Rich come here and build gilded palaces out Dupont Circle way, because it is easier to break into society here than it is in New York. The jimmy that forces its way into Washington society is made of dollars and dinners. New York is so jammed with millionaires that the really exclusive class is those who are broke. Washington is smaller and easier. The dollar-mark excites more attention. The society is more varied also, and more accommodating. In New York it is made up of the absurdly rich. In Washington it has other branches—the official side and the diplomatic side. So they come and build and break in, and then spend their time trying to get big names for their dinner-hats. When three or four social secretaries get to fighting over eligibles for dinners and receptions and the rest of the truck that passes for fun with these people with tired stomachs and puffs beneath their eyes, the carnage is something terrible.

Two kinds of rich people come to Washington: people who have struck it after long lives of endeavor, and people who have acquired riches through the simple expedient of marrying women who have wealth. Their tactics are always the same. They go out in the fashionable neighborhood and build marble palaces. They run largely to bathrooms, for in the old days bathrooms were novelties to them. Then they hunt every cover for social acquaintance that will put them on the plane their money demands. They get it, too. Your high official is willing to lend the lustre of his position to a function if the wine is good and the food right, and the diplomatists languidly accept, but inwardly give three cheers because it will not be necessary to light up the Embassy or Legation that night. They are thrifty folk, these diplomatists.

Nor are the Lonesome Rich so prone to profligacy as might be imagined. Their dinners are nicely graded to suit the company. The top-notchers get the vintage wines, the middle list the common or garden brands, and the fillers in, or those who are invited when the mighty ones are missing, it has been noted sometimes, get the domestic kind, with the bottles carefully wrapped in napkins, and discreet waiters holding them in place with perspiring paws.

The Hopeful Poor are more interesting—the soldiers of (their own) common good. I see them scooting through the Capitol, buttonholing a Senator here and a Representative there. I see them sidling into committee-rooms and waiting in hotel lobbies. Most of them represent. They have contingent outside connections. They do a little lobbying, do a little grafting, do a little borrowing and do everybody. The ordinary man who is shrewd and calculating and hard-headed becomes eligible for a bow-window room in an asylum for the feeble-minded as soon as he gets interested in anything before Congress. The great American public, I have learned, has a most hazy idea of Congress. It is the common thought that there must be "influence" to get anything through—and that is fairly right; but the average business man will always embrace the first proffer of influence that is held out to him after he strikes Pennsylvania Avenue, and that is what keeps the Hopeful Poor going.

I heard about a case the was typical. A man who was perfectly legitimate bill that passed without any pushing, of time, thought he must get he got one—one of the best. The pusher made a report or two about the progress of the bill, and, of course, never said a word to anybody about it. He went to New York and stayed two weeks. The first day after he left the bill was reported and passed in the House, and a few days later passed the Senate and was made a law. When he got back a friend met him and said: "That bill you were interested in got through all right, I see."

"Got through?" gasped the pusher. "When? Where?"

He looked into it and found the bill had been a law for several days. Then he telegraphed to his employer: "Pardon me for mentioning it, but I have received no fee for passing your bill, which has been a law for some time, having passed a week ago. I had thought you would attend to my fee without a reminder from me, but as the matter has, apparently, slipped your mind, I venture to ask you to remit." And the remittance came.

Now, how are you going to beat that, and who wants to beat it? It is the maxim of Washington that the outsider deserves to be trimmed, is waiting to be trimmed, and it is the boast of the Hopeful Poor that there are more expert trimmers here than anywhere else in the universe save, possibly, in the Chicago packing-houses.

"You see that pair," snorted a Senator the other day, as two dapper young men, silk-hatted and spatted—they wear spats in Washington—walked by. "I have positive knowledge that they are getting money by claiming to have influence with me and with a dozen other Senators, and I know that neither of them has even so much as spoken, in the course of his natural life, to any Senator on that list, save to say, 'Good-morning, Senator,' when they meet us in the corridor. If they should speak to any Senator they would be kicked out on the terrace."

That was an outburst of righteous indignation, but it didn't get very far, for any Senator could brand these slick young persons in a five-minute speech if he would; but nobody will. Congress takes this sort of thing as a matter of course, and the sharpers who live that way know they will not be disturbed. Even if they were, nothing could be done, for they have made no approaches, and, anyhow, the Washington view is that if a man who has legislation wants to be a sucker, that is his inalienable, God-given right, and nothing that might be said or done would stop him, anyway.

They were calling the Roll of the Dead Ones in our committee-room the other day. There are a lot of them: Alger, of Michigan; Allee, of Delaware; Benson, of Kansas; Millard, of Nebraska; Berry, of Arkansas; Blackburn and McCreary, of Kentucky; Carmack, of Tennessee; Clark, of Montana; Gearin, of Oregon; Dubois, of Idaho, and Patterson, of Colorado.

Blackburn is a silver-tongued orator who has fallen on days when gold, both for tongues and politics, is the standard. Time was when he could romp through Kentucky from the Pennyrile to the Forks of Elkhorn, and stir the populace to any action desirable, from chasing the negroes over to Indiana to voting as often as circumstances would permit for him. He tried it once too often. The populace would not stir. The younger element was in control and the old war-horse will be turned out to the blue grass. There was no answering tinkle when Joe made the welkin ring—not a tink. When he cried: "Rally, boys, rally!" the boys yawned and went off to the woods where the barbecue was going on.

There will be regret over the loss of Dubois, who is popular, although he is now serving as a Democrat, when other day that interested in a would have in due course a pusher, and I may say, he came to the Senate originally as a Republican. Dubois followed the immortal ratio of sixteen to one out of the Republican party. He was much liked by his Republican colleagues, and would have been a prominent man on the majority side if he had not shifted, and could have remained in the Senate. He is next to the last of the silver men. Teller, of Colorado, is the last, and he will not come back, for he, too, is a Republican who got down on the wrong side of the fence and became a Democrat, and now contemplates a State that is solidly Republican.

Every time Teller gets up to make a Democratic speech he looks apprehensively at the glass ceiling of the Senate chamber, as if he expected a bolt to come through and slay him. He was a Republican so long that he cannot shake off the habit. Dubois is uneasy, too. They do not fit, and they know it, and the tragedy of it is that if they had stood by their party they would have been on top now, instead of on the verge of that oblivion that comes to the man who once held high place and then lost out.

I was present at the obsequies of simplified spelling in the Senate. Senator Lodge, the President's bosom friend, pronounced the funeral oration. Although the House had refused to spell in the new way and the President had revoked the order, the President, personally, reserved the right to shoot "tho" and "thru" and "prest" and "thoroly" at the Congress in his messages, and he shot messages at Congress so fast that Congress thought he had loaded a rapid-firing gun with his opinions on various subjects, and was turning the crank himself. Lodge said he thought it would be well to return to the "normal" method of spelling and translate the President's new fashioned words into the old-fashioned style when they were incorporated into the records of Congress. Nobody objected, least of all the President.

They thought they were having fun with the President when they refused to adopt his three hundred simplified words, but the President didn't give a hoot. He advocated the reform as he advocates many others, with the idea that it might be a good thing. If it isn't a good thing the President doesn't worry about it.

The trouble with all this "rebuking" business is that the President is so much quicker-witted than Congress that he can discover fourteen ways out while they are trying to find the key to one door. Rebuking the President, as it is practiced in Congress, is about as profitable and conclusive as an insurgent movement which always starts with heavy cannonading and always ends with a futile pop!

I was over in the House the other day and heard that Fred Landis, of Indiana, whose one term in the House did not meet with that spontaneous demand for a second one that the Landis family imagined would come, is a candidate for head doorkeeper of the House. This is a fat and comfortable job, with a good deal of patronage and nothing to do but shake hands with the members. Landis views his approaching separation from the pay-roll with that innate dread that is bred in the Landis bone.

Two of the Landises are now in the House as Representatives, one is a Federal Judge in Chicago, one is postmaster at San Juan, Porto Rico, and one is a physician in Cincinnati, with a few side-lines that get Government money in the way of pension examinerships and things like that. There are no other Landises. In order that the calamity of one of them being out in the cold shall not appear, the Landises are all out for Fred.

It seems impossible that the Republic should be so ungrateful as that to any Landis. "No man," said my Senator, "who has not held a Government job can imagine how it tears the heart-strings to be separated from one. Once a man gets on the pay-roll he imagines he is there by divine right, and, as I have observed them, imagination is a strong trait in the Landis family."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Smooting—a New Senate Game

MOST of us garner our ideas of the personal appearance of Apostles from stained-glass windows, and we are all disposed to hold them in awe and reverence, albeit it is sometimes hard to understand why the artists make their whiskers purple and green. Consequently, when a tall, gangling man is introduced to you as an Apostle, and you shake a large and horny hand and begin a conversation about the weather, it rather sets you back.

Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah

Reed Smoot is an Apostle, a Mormon Apostle, and he is a United States Senator from Utah. Neither appellation fits him any better than the cutaway coat he buttons around his long, thin body. By a hard and continuous stretch of the imagination old Joseph F. Smith, head of the Mormon Church, with his rambling, gray hair and his patriarchal beard, can be framed into a hazy picture of such a person; but not Smoot. He looks like a country merchant, which is what he is.

Smoot is an undemonstrative, placid sort of a man, tall, thin, with long legs and long arms and a sort of a hope-I-don't-intrude manner that makes him seem rather scared by his surroundings. He wears a mustache and plasters his hair down on his forehead in that semi-circular style the country barber gets by putting the palm of his hand on your front hair and brushing what sticks out neatly up alongside his fingers, leaving that portion under his palm to curve gracefully over the forehead, the whole effect being considered recherché in the extreme.

And Nary a Dent Makes He Himself

HE MOVES around silently, talks to his colleagues in a deferential manner, works like a cart-horse on the routine, always votes with his party, and has not made a dent as big as a pin-prick on the Senate, so far as his personality goes. The women of the country and the anti-Mormon party of Utah and Idaho made a dent with him, however, that has been growing deeper for three years. Almost as soon as he was elected the whole anti-Mormon propaganda of the country was directed against him. He was hauled and mauled and questioned and cross-questioned until his Senatorship must seem about as undesirable as a front seat on the mourners' benches in a star-chamber session of the Spanish Inquisition. The anti-Mormons feel deeply on the subject. They do not make a protest and then sit idly by. When they get in action they keep in action. They have had Smoot on the jump for months and months, and he is still jumping, now and then, with convulsive motions that indicate a highly nervous apprehension.

"Where's the Bed?"

The Mormon Church is an institution that carries many side lines with its religion. One is politics. The Mormons control Utah and, probably, Idaho, and they are getting stronger in other States. The managers of the Church are political bosses without equals so far as results go. They tell the faithful how to vote, and the faithful get out and vote as they are told.

In 1896, when Bryan ran for President the first time, the Mormons had a revelation about the Peerless Leader. It was handed out to them that Bryan was the man, and they gave him 51,390 plurality in Utah over McKinley. The late Marcus A. Hanna was not the kind of a campaign manager to sit by and have that performance repeated if there was any way to stop it. He did a little revealing himself, so the story goes, to Joseph F. Smith and his Apostles. It was pointed out to Joseph, by a competent pointer-out whom Hanna put on the job, that it wasn't necessary for the Mormons to vote again for Bryan, and in 1900 the Mormons walked gayly to the polls and overturned that 51,390 for Bryan and made it 2133 for McKinley, which is somewhat of a shift in a State with so few voters as Utah. Twenty-one hundred and thirty-three is a nice, modest figure, and when you win with twenty-one hundred and thirty-three you win just as completely as you do with a hundred thousand, so far as practical results are concerned.

The Voice of the Women

SMOOT came out in the wash. The Mormons wanted a Senator of their kind. Rawlins, the retiring Senator, had been peevish about the Mormons. He threw bricks at them every time he had a chance. Smoot was an Apostle. He lived at Provo and had a lot of interests there. He was an ardent churchman, but he had a record as a good, clean, progressive chap. The Mormons sent him to Washington with the understanding that the Republicans would be waiting to receive him and give him the grand hailing sign of good-fellowship. The Republicans in the Senate received him into the fold. It was thought there might be trouble, and there was. It was charged that Smoot was a polygamist, and that the Mormon Church interfered in politics and made its members take an oath that was treasonable and all that. The protests against Smoot came rolling in. The Senate is the greatest legislative body in the world, but it is also as human as the freshman class of an interior college. The wise men of the Senate know much politics. They have all learned that rule number one of successful political continuation is to heed, instantly, any movement that has the woman and the churches back of it. They may not believe in the crusade, but they take it up just the same.

They haled Smoot before the Committee on Privileges and Elections, summoned all the leaders of the Mormon Church and began a long, searching inquiry that lasted, in one way and another, principally through adjournments, for nearly three years. They did not prove that Smoot is a polygamist, but they showed that Joseph F. Smith, the head of the church, had a neat and commodious bunch of wives, five in number. They dug into the ritual, the secrets of the Endowment House, and all the oaths the Mormons must take before they are admitted to full membership. They got a lot of light on Mormons and Mormons, but they didn't do much to Smoot except prove his high connection with the whole scheme.

Rectitude that Shows in Knobs

THE proposition is to expel or exclude Smoot. There is a big difference in the methods. Expulsion takes more votes than exclusion. The committee reported in favor of putting Smoot out, and the whole thing is being threshed over again. Meantime, Smoot has gone on silently about his work. He has said little and done nothing except to testify in his own behalf and hire lawyers to protect his interests. When his case is up for discussion in the Senate he sits in his seat with a resigned look on his face. He has a sort of a how-cruel-you-are-and-how-unjust air, but it is backed by an apparent sense of rectitude that sticks out in knobs all over him.

Nobody in the Senate cares much whether Smoot goes out or not, except such Senators as Dubois, of Idaho, who knows Mormon conditions first-hand. The winding up of the case is simply the last part of the Smoot chess game. The Mormon Church will get ballywhack, and if Smoot goes out, all right. If he can get enough support to keep him in, that will be all right, too. The Senate will have proved its virtue and its high regard for orthodox religious institutions by pounding the Mormons.

One of the first stops for through trains out of Salt Lake City, on the way East on the Denver and Rio Grande, is Provo. As you look up the street you see the name of Smoot on various signs. He has stores and mills and a bank or so, and they are all run on strict Mormon lines. Out there he is considered a smart man, which is a fair conception, for all Mormon Apostles are smart men, or they would not be Apostles. Still, a Mormon Apostle isn't necessarily of Senatorial size.

The Mormons wanted an Apostle for Senator and they picked Smoot. If they had picked any other of the twelve, Smoot would never have tried his hand at statesmanship. Mormons must do as they are told. Smoot was told to go to the Senate and he went meekly, and as a matter of course, just as he would have gone to England or Arizona or Alaska. There was a revelation about it, of course. Still, it is curious, if old Joseph F. Smith had a revelation about Smoot, picking him for the Senate, that the revelation did not reveal the trouble it was going to make for the church and for Smoot.

Graveyards for Keeps

THE Rev. Henry N. Couden, the blind chaplain of the House of Representatives, had an idea a time ago that he would prefer to be chaplain of the Senate, and went to Speaker Cannon about it.

"What do you want to go over there for?" stormed Uncle Joe. "The House is a flower garden and the Senate is a graveyard."

"I know," replied the chaplain gently; "but one stays longer in a graveyard than in a flower garden."

Quid Pro Quo

TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF, chairman of the Republican State Committee of New York, was hurrying across the City Hall Park in New York a few days ago when a professional beggar accosted him.

"Boss," whined the beggar, "will you give me ten cents for a bed?"

"Sure," said Woodruff, being a thrifty soul and always with an eye for a bargain; "where's the bed?"

A Vacant Position

SECRETARY SHAW went to a Cabinet meeting with a newspaper in his hand, and, while the President was waiting for one or two tardy members, Shaw read the paper.

He came across a headline that read: "Rough Rider Incarcerated."

"Here, Mr. President," he said, "what do you think of this? I read here that a Rough Rider has been put in jail."

"Oh," the President replied, "those were rough fellows and from time to time one of them falls from grace."

"I know," said Secretary Shaw, "but doesn't this leave a vacancy somewhere in the Government service?"

Rough on the Service

HOW I LOST MY SAVINGS

A Bunco Promised Land

I WISH to state clearly that it is not unmixed disaster to have lost every dollar saved through two and a half years of unflinching economy. For, after that experience, you have a defense against all promoters and solicitors. To each one, even should one such be an old acquaintance, you may say, firmly and courteously, "I no longer make investments of any sort. Whatever I can save I shall continue to place in the safest bank I know."

The most insistent solicitor will soon perceive that you are not to be won over by any scheme. That defense and that decision are all I have to show for those two and a half years.

The pastor of my church one day came to me and said something like this: "You are working hard, and earning a good deal, of course. But you may not always be so healthy as you are now. I have been thinking about you a good deal, and I happen to know of an investment for fifty dollars a month for two years which will then begin to provide you with a comfortable income."

His plan was to form a syndicate, composed chiefly of persons engaged in a profession like myself, to develop a tract in one of the counties of California. Immense crops were being raised on adjacent tracts; irrigation facilities were already provided; an experienced superintendent could be secured; the land was of great fertility; there would be alternating crops of raisin-grapes and oranges, while an almond orchard of thousands of trees would at once be set out; and hundreds of young pigs would be bought which would thrive while eating up the leavings!

My minister seemed disinterested, though I have since learned that he was thriftily eking out with commissions his already generous salary.

I joined the syndicate, paying fifty dollars a month for two years—twelve hundred dollars in all. There were business meetings from which I came away with hot head and cold hands; for I knew, and know, little of business, and I tried hard to understand.

Things did not go well with the syndicate. There were unaccountable, or, at least, unlooked-for, expenses; they were explained glibly enough. After the two years, during which we faithfully paid our monthly sum, there began to be assessments, though the stock was expressly stated to be non-assessable. A wealthy man had secured one share more than half the number.

When I and two-thirds of the other members stepped out, refusing to pay more assessments, by the laws of the State we forfeited all our stock, and from that day—ten years ago—to this we have received nothing.

The tract has made the wealthy man a millionaire, and the minister still preaches the gospel to all who will hear. —*I. W.*

"Four Dollars a Cord"

I HAD been an all-round expert in a furniture factory for many years, and had learned the mechanical part of the business thoroughly, receiving a salary which enabled me to support my family comfortably and lay by the sum of eighteen hundred dollars.

One day I heard my employers were having difficulty in getting rock elm lumber for chair stock as cheaply as the needs of their business required.

A proposition from me to supply this quickly resulted in a contract by which I was to erect and operate a little resawing plant in a distant railroad town where rock elm could be bought of the settlers for two dollars and fifty cents a cord. I was to cut the stuff to dimensions and ship it to the factory ready for the leather. The factory was to take any amount I might send up to four carloads a month.

I spent two months in equipping my little plant, and when it started up it satisfied all my expectations. A large carload was soon shipped, and I found that I had netted, above all operating expenses, over eight dollars a day. The elm was coming in fast, settlers were content with the price, and everything looked hopeful.

I was, therefore, very much surprised one day to receive a proposition from the Peninsula Lumber Company, a wealthy corporation doing a general business in the same town, to take a position with them as foreman at one hundred dollars a month. The offer was liberal, but, under the circumstances, I declined it.

Three more cars of lumber were shipped with increasing profit to me, and then, one morning there was a large sign painted on a board which read: "*Until further notice* the Peninsula Lumber Company will pay $4.00 a cord for rock elm bolts delivered at their mill."

I instantly recognized this as the epitaph of my little factory. I was using six cords a day and clearing eight dollars. If I had to pay four dollars a cord for the stuff my profit would be turned into loss. That carelessly daubed sign reduced my little plant to the scrap-heap.

I have learned, at a cost of the most of my eighteen hundred dollars, that the day of the small manufacturing plant has gone by. —*A. C. B.*

Thinks Stocks and Bonds Safer

FROM my earliest recollections, parents, friends and relatives advised me to put my first savings into real estate. They said it was safe, could not run away or be stolen and would gain in value as population thickened. Nothing was said of taxes, or street, sidewalk or sewer assessments, or land-booms.

So, when a real-estate agent approached me with a confidential proposition on two lots in a booming suburb of our city (Cincinnati) he found me ripe and easy. I bought a lot of 90 by 150 feet at eighteen dollars a front foot. Other lots had sold at from twenty-two to twenty-five dollars a foot. He told me I would have no trouble within a year in selling out for twenty-five dollars a foot. He did not tell me that, at the time I bought, the real-estate boom was almost ended, that the rapid extension of trolley service was bringing on the market more square miles of vacant lots than the market could absorb.

A real-estate panic came along shortly, and values shrank rapidly. The lots were unimproved, and to avoid putting more money into the investment in the shape of taxes and assessments, I sold out for one thousand dollars, losing over six hundred and fifty dollars, including title examination and taxes already paid.

It was my first bump, a hard lesson, to see my hard-earned savings go for nothing. I had bought first and thought afterward. Since then, I think hard first and, perhaps, buy afterward. I once asked an old man who had been very successful the secret of successful dealing. He replied: "Buy on a dead market, sell on a live one. Buy on a low market, sell on a high one. Know the intrinsic value of your goods."

My first experience turned me against real estate and I decided that, beyond owning my own home, I would never invest in real estate. By reading probate-court news in the daily papers, I noticed that in the administered estates of most wealthy men, stocks and bonds versus real estate were as four to one. So I took up stock and bond investment as a study and in a very slow hurry. By applying my rule of buying and selling, I have been able to get safe investments netting me six per cent., and they frequently enhance in value, giving me a profit on my purchase besides the interest. I buy only listed railroad, industrial or traction stocks, because I can more easily learn their intrinsic value than I could that of some far-off copper mine or oil well. Listed stocks also have the advantage of easy and quick conversion into cash. —*C. E. W.*

Cheap Advertising was Expensive

A FEW years ago I had my home paid for, was drawing a salary of eighteen hundred dollars per year, and had two thousand dollars in the savings-bank.

There had been coming to my office for a year or more a gentleman who hailed from San Francisco, and who represented a Western colonization company. He had explained his proposition several times to me, and, as other people of my acquaintance were making money by following his advice, I told him of my money and of my desire to invest.

To my surprise he advised me not to go into his scheme. He told me that he really was an "agency man" and an "organizer," that he was formerly connected with a large manufacturer of ladies' garments, who sold goods only through women agents, and that he had charge of the agency work. He proposed that I get ten of my friends together, that each put in a thousand dollars and organize just such a company as he had before been connected with.

Here was a legitimate business, offering large profits. I had little trouble in securing the required capital. We made my California friend manager of the company, while I was chosen its president. We purchased four power sewing-machines and a rather complete plant, operated by electricity. Our manager made a trip to New York to purchase and arrange for materials, and soon our factory was running full force.

It had cost us four thousand dollars. One thousand dollars was quickly expended in advertising for agents. We advertised "free samples," and the way agency applications came in was surprising. Our manager was jubilant, and said our venture was an assured success. More money was spent in advertising, and our stenographic work and postage began to count up quite handsomely.

And then some of the agents got to work, and soon orders were coming in by every mail. Some were accompanied by cash, others were sent C. O. D. We established a credit system whereby the agent secured a responsible signer to a "letter of credit" in which the signer agreed to pay the bill or see that the goods were returned. This had a good effect, and our business increased

In the mean time our money was running low, and, in spite of an apparently rushing business, our expenditures were still exceeding our receipts. Our manager insisted that we pay him only half his salary. Yet the ninth month found us with barely enough money on hand and coming in to pay our operating expenses. Our manager arranged for three months' advertising on credit. We had been discounting all of our bills, and we had no trouble in getting credit from the manufacturers of materials. Our business took a jump, and the tenth month our income paid our operating expenses. The end of our fiscal year found us with a little money in the treasury. Then our ninety-day advertising bills came due. The manufacturers were drawing on us.

We held a meeting. Under the persuasion of our manager, and the record of business we were doing, we increased our capital to twenty thousand dollars, and in went my other thousand. Our manager drew his back pay, our bills were paid and we were feeling good once more.

Then I began to see that our money was pouring out just the same as it had done the year before, and while we seemed to be doing a large and profitable cash business, our ratio of expense seemed too large. I looked for the leak. I found that we were receiving thousands of inquiries for agencies, and only getting dozens of working agents out of them. The cause was in the advertising service. We had been advertising in cheap papers and magazines of poor quality, and the result was clearly shown in the character of our inquiries. But my discovery was too late. The balance of our money was gone, and we were again reduced to depending on the money received through our agency department, which was equal to operating expenses, but not enough to carry the expensive outlay of cheap advertising we were doing. That is how I lost my savings.

I would like to tell you how we put that business on a paying basis had I the space. I would tell you how we stopped the cheaper grade of extensive advertising, and intrusted our entire advertising outlay to a reputable firm of agents in Chicago, who advertised in the better class of magazines, paying much more for space, but using less of it. The free samples were done away with, and only those who wanted to work as agents were asked to answer the advertisement.

We have not regained the twenty thousand dollars which we lost, but the company is paying very fair dividends to-day.

—*C. H. J.*

The Safety of
Banking by Mail

If your grocer buys goods of a wholesale house in Cleveland he sends a check or draft BY MAIL to pay for them. No danger nor thought of danger about it. It's the customary thing.

So you can deposit here by mail wherever you live and be assured of

4 per cent. interest

and absolute safety for your funds. Send for free booklet "A" giving full information

This is a strong conservative bank, of unquestioned financial standing

The Cleveland Trust Company
(Savings Bank)

Capital $2,500,000.00
Surplus $2,500,000.00

Over 65,000 depositors
CLEVELAND, OHIO

4% PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK 4%
PITTSBURGH PA
CAPITAL & SURPLUS TWO MILLION DOLLARS

Banking by Mail

This bank was organized in 1866, and during the forty years of its existence has established a reputation for safety, conservatism and promptness, unsurpassed by any other bank in the country.

Send for booklet "P" explaining how you can open a savings account by mail with One Dollar and upwards

THE BANK THAT PAYS 4%

Is your capital earning 6%? invested in SEATTLE FIRST MORTGAGE Loans it will earn that amount.

Seattle is the gateway to the Orient. Natural conditions have caused its marvelous growth

Its present building activity cannot be equalled in the U. S. Our carefully selected mortgages are absolutely safe.

Write for descriptive pamphlets on Seattle and our method of making and caring for mortgages.

Capital $400,000

Title Trust Company 702 Second Avenue Seattle, Wash.

When about to risk your savings in some speculative venture, DON'T!

5% a Year

with absolute security is a reasonable basis for the earning capacity of your money. We have never paid less than this rate on savings accounts during the past 14 years

Start an account at any time. Earnings reckoned at 5% a year every day on money left with us, subject to your order. Under N. Y. Banking Dept. supervision

Assets, $1,780,000

We invite your inquiries.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. NEW YORK CITY

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1 Times Bldg. Broadway & 42nd St. New York

4% INTEREST 4%
IS PAID ON
SAVINGS ACCOUNTS
of any amount from
$1.00 to $10,000
by the CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO. of Cleveland
The oldest and largest trust company in Ohio with total resources of over
$42,000,000. SEND FOR BOOKLET "M"

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Illustrated GUIDE BOOK and WHAT TO INVENT with valuable List of Inventions Wanted sent free. ONE MILLION DOLLARS offered for one invention, $16,000 for others. Patents are sold by us at a profit sent free in World's Progress sample free.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

6% PAID ON SAVINGS BY MAIL

Our 6% Certificates of Deposit afford the safest and most profitable investment offered to the public. We issue them in small amounts as well as large.

EQUITABLE BANKING AND LOAN CO. MACON, GA.

SEND FOR BOOKLET A TODAY

A Business That Assures A Fortune

There is no business more profitable pleasant and certainly successful than the manufacture of Ideal Concrete Building Blocks with the Ideal Concrete Machine

These blocks excel all other building materials in appearance, durability and resistance to heat and cold. Can be made in any locality, without previous experience, to profitably undersell all other materials

IDEAL Concrete Machine

Wonderfully simple and rapid Not a chain, spring or cog in its construction. Can never wear out or break in use

Money-making possibilities almost unlimited. Ready market for blocks everywhere, as fast as they can be made. A business that requires little capital to start, and *but one man to operate.* No partners necessary

Catalogue explains method of manufacture and enables accurate calculation of profits. Sent FREE.

Ideal Concrete Machinery Co.
Dept. B, South Bend, Ind.

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

Sent Free

To any one who will send a postal card request, a sample assortment of Educator Crackers will be sent postpaid —Educator Wafer, Educator Toasterette, Fruited Educator, Educator Graham Biscuit, etc.

Please also mention the name of your regular grocer

These crackers are made from the whole wheat, and all ingredients are of highest quality and unquestioned purity. They possess a charm, fascination and healthfulness wholly their own

Handsome catalogue is sent with samples so that you may order of us if your dealer does not supply — but the best dealers do.

Johnson Educator Food Co.
299 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

$12.75 Freight Paid East of Rockies
This 230 Egg Incubator

The Royal The world's [illegible] Automatic in action, perfect results. Incubator and supply catalog free. Booklet "Care and Feeding of Chicks" 10c. 50-cent poultry paper 1 year 10 cts.

FREE TRIAL

ROYAL INCUBATOR CO. Drawer 99 Des Moines, Iowa

THE WAY OF THE REFORMER

(Concluded from Page 7)

much as eight hundred dollars a month Therefore, if eight men with one hundred dollars each should play for thirty sittings, no matter who won or who lost, their money would be gone

Vicksburg, with 20,000 people, supported twenty such places. The steady drain was enormous Yet there are gentlemen who really believe this was good for business.

Such is the system; its political power can readily be seen. Take the keepers, runners, house-players, the men who sell them supplies of every kind, those who own the property and get high rents for it—with their kinsmen and friends they make a formidable influence. Especially when intrenched behind a hundred years of non-interference.

It was seriously contended by yet other gentlemen whose opinions are entitled to respect that these gambling places should not be closed.

To quote these gentlemen: "Why, there are a number of planters in the swamp who buy everything they use at Vicksburg. They come here to play poker and have a little fun. Dozens of drummers run into town on Saturday nights. These men are free spenders, and they *always lose.* If you break up gambling here they will go somewhere else with their trade. It brings lots of money to town."

Notwithstanding all this, the gamblers were notified to quit by a specified day, and the past would be forgiven. On that day they had quit. The "swear-off" is believed to be permanent. And the method which accomplished it is a different method from that which broke up the Kangaroo.

Vagrants and Ramblers

The overshadowing menace to all Southern towns is the negro vagrant. The working negro is not a criminal. The idle one is. How does he live? Listen to his song

My gal lives in de white folks' yard;
She brings me bacon an' she brings me lard.
When dey has turkey I gits de stuffin';
Niggers think I'm workin', but I ain't doin' nuffin'.

This man is the prolific parent of every crime—of the exceptional crime in almost every instance. There is scant necessity for him to work. His wants are few and easily supplied. He "takes up" with a woman who cooks for white people. She feeds him with stealage from the kitchen. He lies around the dive all day, and at night, according to the song, "he rambles—he ram-bles."

What does he do when he rambles? Here is a case:

City of Vicksburg vs. Jesse Smith } Petty larceny.

"Stand up, Jesse! Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, Jedge, I tuk de goose. Hit was dasser way. I cum up to town an' sot down on ole Aunt Liza's gallery for a while. She stepped in de back room an' I glanced thoo de hall. Dar on a table wuz a fat goose, in er pan, all ready dressed. I jes nachully reached 'im. Den I went down to ole man Monroe Parker's—dar he sits. 'Ole man,' sez I; 'is you had any supper?' 'No,' sezzee. 'Well, I'se got er fine goose; does you know anybody what kin cook it?' 'Yes,' sezzee. Den we went to Aunt Jemima, an' she cooked it to er turn. Me an' him an' Aunt Jemima we et dat goose—Unc. Monroe et mo'n half of it hisself, an' d' ain't no 'sputin' dat. Den I went home wid de ole man an' went to sleep.

"Nex' mornin' ole man Monroe, he sez, 'Jesse, you gin me er mighty fine supper las' night, an' I'm gwine to do likewise by you I got de fattes' goose you ever saw, up to Aunt Liza's.' Bless you! Jedge, whilst we wuz talkin' 'bout it dat ole fool, Aunt Liza, cum runnin' in a-hollerin': 'Monroe! Monroe! dat yaller nigger stole yo' goose las' night.' When she fust sot dem eyes on me I got kinder weak in de knees.

"Unc. Monroe straightened hisself, he did; 'Jesse,' sezzee, kinder solemn like—'Jesse, war dat my goose what you fotch here las' night?' 'Fo' I could git ready to dodge he dun hit me wid dat skillet."

Jesse had been rambling Uncle Monroe never told where he got the goose

In 1905, when the city faced a yellow-fever epidemic, there was urgent necessity for several hundred laborers to clean up and disinfect. White men—gentlemen by the dozens—volunteered their services. A few good negroes did likewise. Loafers congregated at the landing. Not one of them had even the prospect of a meal. Yet they refused to work for a dollar and a quarter a day.

"We don't feel like it," they said.

"Very well," remarked the city judge to a police officer, "arrest the whole bunch. We'll put them on the street for vagrancy, and won't have to pay a cent."

The joke was on the negroes and they appreciated it. In less than an hour two hundred of them were at work

The Pistol Toters

"Pistol toting," as it is called, was a deadly evil, to which many black-robed women and orphan children bore mute witness. There was excuse in earlier days for the code duello. It was at least fair. It prevented petty bickering, breeding a courtesy and a consideration amongst gentlemen which endures to this day. Its abolition changed the duel into a street-fight—for the land was new and the law was weak. The hip-pocket dodge has been used as a defense to clear many an assassin.

But healthier public sentiment has now brought this evil practice into contempt. Gentlemen ceased to swagger along the streets beweaponed like some bad man in comic opera. There is no necessity for it A child may travel on foot from one end of Mississippi to the other at far less peril than wayfarers meet upon the highways of Chicago or Pittsburg. Negroes and toughs continued to tote pistols until many of them served time in the chain-gang. Then most of them quit.

The great reform in the South to-day is permanent. It represents a growth, not an outburst. A decade ago many of her best lawyers, for instance, were drinking and carousing men. It was merely an incident to the profession. The same might be said of public men. This has changed, radically changed, and it is not due to the law.

Neither has the change in Vicksburg been brought about by any man or set of men. The commercial interests of a growing city required that greater respect be paid to public decency. That was all.

The Permanency of Reform

The most glaring evils have been in a measure corrected. Not every evil. No, only the worst. It can be stated as a fact that there is no town on the Mississippi River to-day where crime is as rare as it is here. An Ohio regiment camped here for a week.

The town was crowded with soldiers and excursionists, all having a good time. Yet there was no disorder and no brawling. Illinois sent a thousand men to dedicate her monument. They enjoyed their rough liberty to its utmost. The police had not the slightest trouble. This was not due to the new administration, not due to any change in the law. The change is in the people.

Will the new condition be permanent? You have your guess, as well as I. None of the present board of aldermen are candidates for reëlection. Each gentleman feels that he has served his turn and is entitled to retire. Who will succeed them cannot now be predicted.

It is the truth of history, however, that revolutions never go backward. Pegs have been driven down that will not be easily uprooted, for these pegs mark the forward progress of a people.

On the other hand, the reformer works in spells and spasms only. He is not regular, he is not persistent. He is generally a man of affairs whose private business demands attention. The professional politician never rests.

An old negro once said, speaking of the interest on his mortgage:

"Dey tells me, boss, dat dis here intrust jes' runs on an' on all de time while you is asleep."

The professional politician is steadier than interest. He has no other affairs to distract his mind or divide his diligence. And he is constitutionally opposed to the people managing their own affairs.

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THE PRIVATE WIRE

(Continued from Page 5)

I didn't dare look at Miron. I didn't feel sure enough of myself to glance at Mahler. For, instead of listening to the crisp, businesslike "send" of a race-track expert, I was listening to something that sounded like the broken and doddering mumblings of imbecility. It wasn't even good Morse. It could only be the jolts and spasms of a ham operator who had taken his third lesson in the difficult school of telegraphy. It was a cheap super in the room above, working the far end of that mock circuit.

"These are the rest of the weights and entries," explained Mahler to the boy and me. "The races start going through any time now."

"I had a deuce of a time getting this eight thousand," complained young Shaler, as he dragged his gold-initialed wallet from an inside pocket. "I couldn't let the governor on, and, of course, old Silverthorn wouldn't advance me another *sou!*"

The two men eyed the money hungrily—I almost began to feel sorry for the boy.

"Of course I wouldn't do this," he protested, counting off his notes, "if Winnett hadn't gouged that three thousand out of me! He didn't play a straight game that time, and I'm going to get even with him. I tell you, it's coming to me!"

"Of course it's coming to you!" purred Miron.

I couldn't help thinking how much that speech of affronted innocence lashing itself into a fury reminded me of Dinney and his sophistries. "Why shouldn't I be on the make this way?" Dinney used to ask. "I tried to do it honest, and they never gave me a decent chance! And I guess this world owes ev'ry man a livin'! If I *could* get it straight I'd take it straight, but if they won't give it that way I'm goin' to take it the other way!" It was the same old and shallow self-deceit, the same old salve for the sore conscience, the weakling will; the same old whine of the man who'd never learned to make offense against law a philosophy of conduct. As for myself, I used to read Nietzsche in my younger days; but now I *acted* him. I saw clearly enough to what end that path led. I never screened myself in sentimentalities. I had no illusions as to my final escape. If I could not be honest with others I could still be honest with myself. Some day, when the end came, I'd have to pay, and pay well. But until that end I accepted my individualism—if you care to call it that—for exactly what it was worth, claiming my right to live by the sword, until by that selfsame sword I should some day die.

VII

SO I STUDIOUSLY counted over my money before my two fellow-adventurers. I was probably small fry to them by this time, and might also be hard to handle, but I could at least make it interesting before they should land their bigger catch.

"I'm still in on this, of course?" I demanded with a show of anxiety, yet cudgeling my brain for some clearer line of action. I could see the two men exchange glances, with still another question and answer as quick as wireless.

"Of course you're in!" said Mahler. "We can simply bunch the pile so Winnett's men won't get suspicious."

"I don't give a hang about the money, you know," broke in Shaler. "But I *do* want to get even with that crooked layout!"

"Well, it's money *I* want!" The young man looked at me and laughed disagreeably when I said this. For the first time I noticed that he wasn't quite so young as he had seemed.

"We're wasting time, gentlemen!" cried Mahler.

I sauntered back to the window on the left of the table. "Who puts the money up over at the poolroom?" I asked, sitting on the sill.

"The wire's all *I* can handle!" protested Mahler petulantly.

"*I* don't want to mess up with other people's money!" likewise protested Miron. Shaler looked blank at this show of reluctance.

"You've *got* to!" he cried, "or this whole thing falls through!"

"Listen!" said Mahler, hurrying over to the relay. As the current opened and broke, the little metal lever under his eye fluttered and jigged and danced, filling the quiet room with sound. "You've got to get that money up, and get it up quick!" he warned us.

"Well, I'll do it, if I've got to!" said the artful Miron, with a second show of reluctance.

VIII

MIRON stood across the table from me, on the right. Shaler was directly in front of the table, facing Mahler, stooping over it from the back. I started toward Miron, with the roll of bills in my outstretched hand, before Shaler could reach him. Mahler still bent over the key. As I stepped across the room at the back of the table I planted the sole of my right foot squarely on the two little green wires that ran across the carpet from the operating-table to the window-sash. As I stepped forward I kicked sharply with my right foot, in a feint at stumbling, and then scrambled up, grinning sheepishly.

A cry broke from Mahler, an impatient oath from the older man. For the sounder stopped, dead. At one stroke I had torn away their wires. The super in the room above was pounding a useless and inarticulate key.

I didn't exactly like the look that sprang into Miron's face. But I was ready and waiting, if the worst came to the worst.

"You cow—you've killed the whole game!"

"Can't you fix 'em?" I asked, eying the trailing wires.

"Fix 'em?" mocked Miron, ash-colored with anger.

"Yes, can't you tie 'em together again?"

My placidity left him speechless, guttering like a turkey-cock. Mahler was the first to recover himself. He meant to fight it out.

"It'll take fifteen minutes to get that connection," he cried, springing toward the door and calling for the man at the dentist's chair to follow him. Then he turned to Miron. "You push those wires up through the window again—I'll get to the roof and cut in on the same line. Then we can catch the fourth race, anyhow!"

Miron caught up the loose wire as the door closed, and thrust it out through the window, Shaler closely watching him.

As he did so I quietly reached out my hand, caught the armature-lever screw of the relay between my thumb and forefinger, and quickly twisted it tight until it bit into the metal. Held thus rigid, no current could startle it into movement.

"Now, boys, if I'm to manage this for you ——" said Miron briskly, swinging round to the table.

"But they haven't cut in!" I complained, to gain time.

"The deposits, please!" said Miron impatiently.

"But that little clicker thing isn't going!" I insisted.

"It'll go when it's needed," said Miron, swinging back to the window. Then he thrust out his head and called to some one above: "Have you got it?"

"Yes; doesn't she break?" came Mahler's voice, muffled and far-away.

"Not yet!" answered Miron. And I could hear Mahler's curse of perplexity. Then, in an afterthought, he called down again: "Get your bets up—I'll have it through by that time!"

"Now, gentlemen!" said Miron suavely. But I could feel the claws under the velvet of his voice as he caught up his hat and faced us.

I turned to Shaler, whose thoughts seemed to come by freight. "I don't see why we should put up good money until we see something doing!" I protested, throwing him a look that passed completely through him.

"Why, aren't you going to bet?" he cried, his face falling.

"No, I don't think I am," was my placid reply, and to show how much at ease I felt about it all I took out a cigar and lit it. But by the time it was lit Miron stood between me and the door.

"You came into this game, and you've got to put it through, and put it through quick!" he ripped out. I knew, by the ugly look on his face, that all pretense and acting were over. It was man to man now, to the finish, whatever that finish might be.

"That's what I intend to do," I answered.

"Then what're you quibbling and welshing about? What reason have you got for

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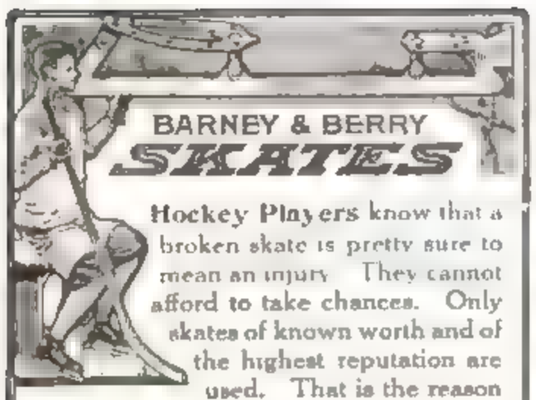

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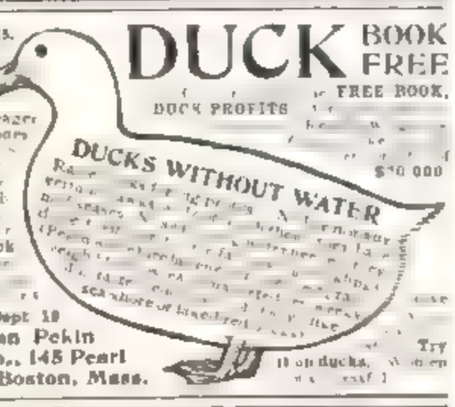

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blocking this game, and keeping this young man out of his money?"

I looked at him through the drifting and curling cigar smoke. And I was just in time to see him craftily transfer a handkerchief-muffled thing of metal from his hip-pocket to the right-hand pocket of his coat.

"It's not much of a reason, but it's enough for me!"

"Well, what?" He was getting uglier every minute.

"It's merely that telegram I got in the hotel-lobby this morning!" I unfolded the yellow sheet in front of him, and contemplated it blandly.

"What is your telegram?" he demanded, still keeping the tail of one eye on the fidgeting and mystified Shaler.

I handed the slip of yellow paper to Miron. He took it without so much as lowering his eyes to it. He was on his guard now, too much on his guard to lose his drop on me. But I suppose it was my unruffled and placid self-assurance for that silent minute of tableau that exasperated and unnerved him, for with a little guttural grunt, almost of defeat, he turned to the sheet of yellow paper and slowly read it.

IX

HE READ it in silence. Then, apparently, he read it again, and still again. I could see his lips move; but for several seconds he did not look up.

When he did look up my own right hand was in my coat-pocket, and my 44 blue-barreled, sawed-off Colt was there, pointing directly at his breast.

"Well, I'll be ——!" he breathed out slowly. It was neither fear nor rage nor disappointment. It was only utter disgust.

He still stood there, chewing his lower lip, meditatively. I buttoned up my coat. Shaler looked from one of us to the other, mystified.

"When are we going to get those bets up, anyway?" he complained.

Still again Miron and I looked at each other, face to face, for several seconds. Then he peered at my right pocket, then once more back at me. It wasn't merely a look, it was a duel of wills, a contest of audacities, a silent and motionless battle.

"All bets will have to be off for to-day!" he announced brusquely, holding the door for us.

Yet it wasn't until we were in the open street that Shaler looked at me with any show of personal interest.

"Will you kindly tell me just why you didn't bet that roll of yours?" he demanded, as we started toward Broadway. He seemed already more of a man, away from that tainted atmosphere.

"Those wires were dummy, you fool!" I cried out. "It's all a fake, a come-on, a con game, a bunco, through and through!"

"I knew it!" said Shaler, lighting a cigarette.

"You knew it?"

"Certainly!"

"Then what—what were you after in there?"

"Evidence!" said Shaler, glancing down at his watch, and then hailing a passing hansom.

"Evidence?" I echoed.

"Yes, evidence," he repeated. He swung half-way round on the hansom steps. "*I'm Hallen, the poolroom man your Commissioner brought over from Boston to stir up Doogan's office—and you've dished my first week's work!*"

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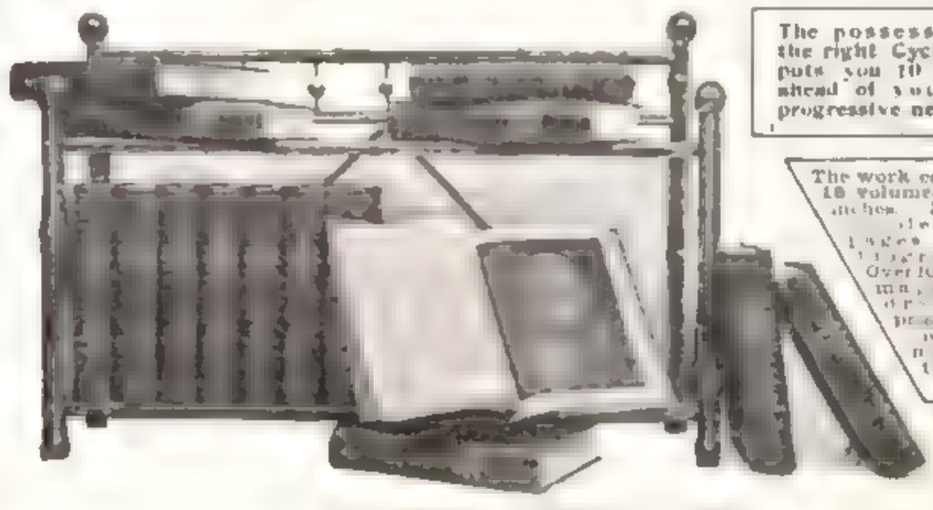

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THE SIAMESE CAT

(Continued from Page 18)

Cat he b'long my fa-tha. You savee fa-tha? You Honor fiend—big man, Bolkoman, he steal cat. My fa-tha he talkee my—'Go catchee cat, bling back my house!' I b'long velly good boy. I go. You savee fa-tha?"

"No savee your father," grinned Scarlett. "Haven't the old gentleman's acquaintance. A filial son, aren't you? Now forget your father and give me the truth." He pricked a fresh spot between the yellow ribs. "You fashion speakee no good. No can do." He dropped into Cantonese: "Speak the truth, or I kill you with many cuts and pains. Remove this father-lie. Tell the truth quickly."

"True gold fears no fire," quoted the prisoner glibly. "Should Your Greatness transfer his treasures of jade to my hovel, he would find there much wretchedness, but the jewel of truth."

"Show it, then, before I slice you."

"Your Greatness knows I am a pauper," gabbled Ho Kong, clawing at Scarlett's feet. "I am Chlistian boy. I can speak the Chlistian language, but yet I work for a few *cash* under the goldsmith's lamp. Sin Cheong is a hard master. The big man, your friend——"

"Go on," said Scarlett. "What of him? Borkman is no friend."

The thick-lidded eyes gave their first gleam of interest. The Chinaman sat up fearlessly.

"Good. I hate him. He is a bad man. See now, here is the story: Many months, two rains ago, this big Bolkoman and Sin Cheong, my master, they were secretly partners. Your wisdom foreknows that the Phai-lin mines bring forth no good rubies, but chips and small rubbish. Very true: but *one* mine at Phai-lin of late gave birth to five, six of good size and value. No man knew this. Why? Because the coolies stole them secretly. My master and Bolkoman, they bought them all. With these hands I cut them, and Bolkoman took them forth of Siam and sold. Then one night came a Luk-chin man with such a stone as you have never seen—large, perfect as the Dragon's Pearl, red as the blood of doves. I lay on the roof, as always, and, moving a certain tile, saw down into the room behind the shop, where the three squatted by the lamp.

"The Luk-chin thief would not loose that stone from his hand.

"'Ten thousand ticals,' he said. He breathed like a man in great fear. And it was worth seven times ten thousand.

"'This is neither Phai-lin nor Krat,' whispered my master. 'This is Burmah.'

"The Luk-chin swore it was Phai-lin, by five generations of his fathers.

"'It is Burmah,' said my master very softly; '*and* this man is a stranger here.'

"Bolkoman knew the fullness of that saying, and reached swiftly and caught the Luk-chin by the throat, and so killed him without noise. It was decorously unknown to neighbors.

"Then my master took down from the corner the God of Longevity. From the bottom of the image they cut out a cube of the soapstone, and thrust in the ruby, and sealed it with a thin shell of soapstone.

"But three other thieves had followed the dead Luk-chin, and now they watched Bolkoman, and my master, and the shop."

"Wait," interrupted Scarlett. "Was one tall, with the Two Whales tattooed on his back, so——?"

"Your wisdom includes him," nodded the clerk gravely. "Yes, and two others, Ah Pin the Flat Nose, and Tau-p'éi the Pockmarked, who is little and lame. But your first man has gone—where?"

Scarlett nodded in turn. "Borkman killed him—with this sword."

The clerk held up two roly-poly fingers. "And he would have killed me for the third. *Masker!* These three, then, hovered close as spirits, or the *Funiao*. Sin Cheong, my master, has not left his shop once. Then, also, the policemans would have searched Bolkoman for some other act of his wickedness, which is manifold. So he sailed away to the Straits, leaving my master to watch the Burmah treasure in the God of Longevity.

"Within this month he returned. He came as a great man, friend to wealthy women. May his house offend both the Green Dragon and the White Tiger! He bought my folly for a thousand ticals, that I should steal the stone, the dove-blood, the priceless. For my master would not give it up. 'Together we own,' I heard him say; 'together we go sell. Not singly.' But he could not wake always. So one night, in the time it takes to drink a cup of hot tea, I pried it out from the image, and the next day conveyed it out of the shop in"—Ho Kong's eye suddenly turned lacklustre, his voice indifferent—"in a cunning manner."

"Oho!" cried Scarlett eagerly. There flashed before him the memory of the wind-blown papers in the river garden, that afternoon Laura had—— "Oho! *You* wrote that! 'It is in the middle one. They will follow you.' Then the ruby is in the middle bell"—he laughed aloud—"on the cat!"

"You know all things!" assented Ho Kong gloomily. His slant eyes held a curious gleam. "Yes, I wrote in Chlistian letters—the middle one."

A glance at Chao Phya's collar showed the silver cockle-shells intact.

"Go on," laughed Scarlett. "By George! Go on!"

The ingenuity at once amused and angered him. Safely smuggled out of the goldsmith's shop, stowed in a place too incredible for search, yet always in sight, always easily watched, this stone, which already had killed two men, had weighted Laura with unknown responsibility and danger. A thief and murderer had made her his pretext of respectability, his stalking-horse and receiver. "He will pay for it," said Scarlett. "Go on."

"Then I asked for my money!" cried the clerk hoarsely. "He laughed, this big man. He said, 'Why should I pay you? Go ask your master. You are a fool!'

"I saw this was true. First I thought, 'I will go kill myself on his doorstep.' But he does not fear the evil spirits; he would only laugh. Then I thought, '*He* shall not have the ruby.' So I told the Pockmarked and the other two. The tall coolie, you say, he killed. But we three followed the stone everywhere. Four times we tried to kill you, wishing the stone, and thinking you Bolkoman's friend. Pleasse ik-scusse me. That is all. Now if you kill, push quickly."

In the silence they could feel the slower throb of the engines, could hear the slush of water, the heavy dragging of hose, the patter of the Malays scrubbing the deck.

"No," said Scarlett at last. "Listen, Ho Kong. The stone belongs to a dead man, who stole it. It is no man's jewel. This liar, he has given it in the middle bell to—to my Honor's girl. Good! She shall keep it. Write on this card your name and house. It is no trick. Fear nothing."

The clerk, crouching, scrawled painfully against a bulkhead.

"Good," said Scarlett. "You have set me above this breaker of bargains. Now I shall make him the fool. He shall not see the stone again; and, if it is as you have said, I shall send your thousand ticals to the Hongkong bank in Bangkok. You deserve only the bastinado; but this, perhaps, will square my conscience toward the dead man." He opened the door. "Now go, and never again come before me, for the next time I also should kill."

Silent, placid, the clerk slipped through the door and flitted aft. Owen turned to the cat.

"Chao Phya, if what that fellow said is true——" He stooped to examine the middle bell. This fat shell of fluted silver might contain a treasure. But the fastening held strongly, the collar was locked on. "Borkman has the key," thought Owen. He could not bend or break the bell off, and the narrow slit showed only something that joggled and tinkled, and that might be pebble, or ruby, or child's marble. "I must get a silversmith to file it off."

He screwed home the shutter, locked his door, and, on going to breakfast, hired a Malay to stand guard. The ship lay anchored in Singapore harbor. On their port hand rose the city. The flat stretch of Collyer Quai, the low billows of arsenical verdure, slept cool and silent; but sunrise tipped the pale Memorial Tower, and the signal masts on the hill.

Beside the breakfast-table, already being laid on deck, Mrs. Holborow and Laura stood facing their guide, all three, from heel to helmet, rigid with anger.

"That will do! That is quite sufficient!" snapped Aunt Julia, her voice trembling

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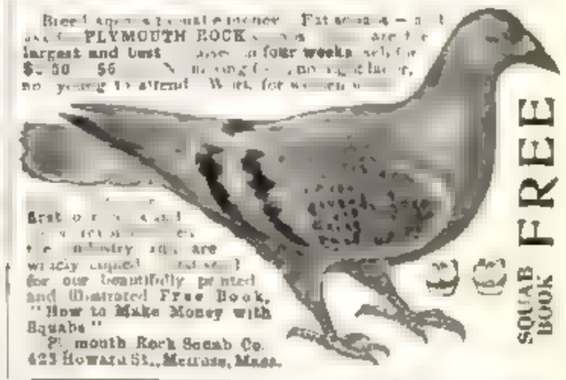

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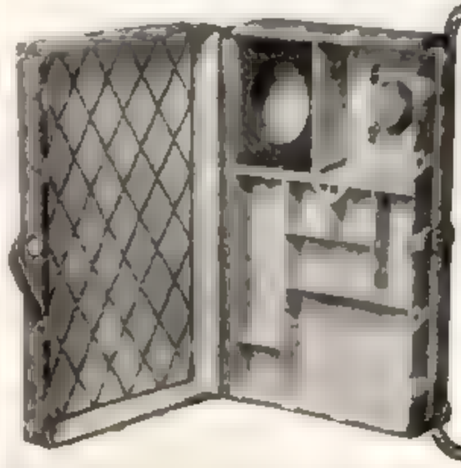

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like a plucked bowstring. "Mr. Scarlett, will you please—Good-morning—will you please see us to our hotel presently, or at least to the Johnston Pier? And kindly inform this—this man that he is not to address me again. His wages we shall leave at the hotel office."

"D—n the wages!" roared the guide. "Look here, do you think ——"

Scarlett's face was suddenly within an inch of his own. Both men were dangerously pale.

"You heard your orders," said the younger; "or shall I repeat them, Mr. Jeweler?"

The deep-set eyes contracted evilly, met Scarlett's in a mutual menace. Without moving them the courier spoke:

"Very well, Miss Holborow. Now I understand. Let your young man keep him for you. He'll be sorry."

Owen's arms tightened, drew slowly up from his sides. Borkman wheeled and marched away aft.

"Oh, the—wretch!" cried both women together. Laura's cheeks flamed. Her aunt first broke the awkward silence.

"That cat has been our bane," she declared with energy. Then, answering Owen's look, "Laura said that you should have charge of him, and this—this fellow became, became—oh, he *dared* speak so to us! Laura, this ridiculous beast——"

Her lips tightened grimly.

"It shall trouble us no more," she asserted. "Hereafter, I shall look to it myself."

"But Mrs. Holborow ——" began Scarlett.

"Not a word, please." Aunt Julia bowsed her chin taut home. "Let us drop this subject here. The cat, if we keep it, is in my charge."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The "Good-Will Man"

A FURNITURE firm, in a city of 30,000 people, hired a "good-will man" as an experiment, and after several months' trial has made him a permanent fixture. This man had been a subscription solicitor on a local newspaper. He was hired for twelve dollars a week. A bunch of business-cards bearing the firm-name and his own were given him and he was sent into the residence districts. At each house he handed out a card and made a speech after this fashion:

"I am with the Blank Furniture Company, and I dropped in to give you a personal invitation to come over to our store the first time you are downtown and look at a new stock of furniture that just came in. I am not sure that there is anything there you need, but we should like to have you know just what we have and what our prices are. You may find something that will interest you whether you want to buy or not. At any rate, no one will ask or expect you to buy unless you speak of it first. My principal reason for coming in to see you was to get acquainted with you and get you acquainted with the store."

By this time the attitude of the woman of the house showed whether the "good-will man" could make a friend by continuing the argument or prevent making an enemy by getting out with a pleasant "good-day." In most cases he was well received. The fact that his mission was unlike that of all other solicitors, coupled with the additional fact that he had nothing to sell, prevented him from getting a book-agent's reception. Frequently a woman declared that she needed no furniture and in the next breath wanted to know the price of a refrigerator or a new dining-room table. When he was still unfamiliar with the stock he promised to write her a letter, or telephone her, or call on her next day.

The "good-will man" has now been over his routes so often that he is becoming personally acquainted with most of his people. On his regular visits he calls their attention to furniture bargains and learns their tastes. Often, when a new piece of furniture appears on the floor, he knows who to go and tell about it. In addition to his salary he is given a small commission on sales for which he is responsible. In one month recently his sales exceeded five hundred dollars. The members of the firm feel that the new attitude of the local public toward the store is alone worth many times the cost of the experiment. —*P. M. P.*

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The basic stock in a 25c or 50c soap may be no higher grade than that in a 5c good quality soap—may not be as good, in fact, but, with the aid of artificial coloring matter and high-priced perfumes, the body of the soap is literally "doped" until it loses its identity. It is virtually masquerading in a false rôle. The public, however, buys and uses it in blissful ignorance of its lack of efficiency.

Good soap is naturally white. If coloring matter or high perfumes are incorporated they add nothing to the virtue or efficiency of the product—more often they are used to cover up the inferior quality of the raw materials and the greasy smell.

Quality in soap, therefore, does not go hand in hand with high prices.

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THE REVOLT OF BISMARCK

(Concluded from Page 9)

hear that, don't you, Dutchy? Lizzie wants to keep her floors clean, so don't you come around here any more—or anywhere else where I am. Hear me?'

"He stood a moment, sort of waiting.

"'Hear me?' he says again.

"Bismarck nodded and again wiped his forehead. Guadalupe laughed at him, and then at Lizzie. Then he looked around the table quickly, to see if any of the crowd seemed to disapprove, I guess. They didn't seem to. I know I just recollected my supper about that time. So he reached his hat down off the peg and swaggered out.

"Nobody said nothing for a while. Then Cicero Bentley spoke up. 'When are you going to start, Bismarck?' he asks.

"'I vas nod going avay,' says Bismarck, very slow and distinct. 'I kom here alvays. I am dog no more. You shall see.'

"He scraped back his chair and started off. Just as he got to the door Lizzie took a quick step or two forward, but checked herself and went back into the kitchen.

"Sam Hardwick whistled. 'If he ain't going away he sure will stay alvays,' he said. 'It's my belief that fool's going after a gun.'

"It was my belief, too, and I hadn't a heap of confidence in Bismarck as a gun-fighter, so I started out to see if I could find him and give him some more advice. I went up to his cabin the first thing. The door wasn't locked, so I opened it and struck a match and went in. Blankets neatly tucked into the bunk, little green-painted chest that was his idea of a trunk in the corner, two or three books and his accordion on the shelf, but no Bismarck. I went over to the store, looked in at the blacksmith shop and Cass Hayer's saloon. No Bismarck. I asked some of the boys if they seen him. Nobody had, except Joe Bradley, who said he thought he seen him walking up the trail to the mine. That didn't seem likely, seeing he was on the day shift, but I wasn't going to chase around after him all night, so I turned into Paul Kleman's, where Guadalupe put in most of his time.

"He was there all right—Guadalupe, I means. There was a rancher from up Castle Creek had drove in a couple o' beef cows that afternoon, and Guadalupe and Pete Hathaway were taking the price of 'em away from him. There wasn't much doing in other respects, and the rancher was keeping sober and playing a cautious game, though the hands he got looked good enough for some lofty betting. So, after I'd watched 'em a while I started to leave, when Bismarck came in.

"I hardly knew him at first. He'd left the dining-room without his hat, and he was still bareheaded, with wisps of hair hanging over his face, looking as if he'd dipped his head in the creek. He was about the color of a greasy dollar, and his eyes were bloodshot and wild. He wasn't wearing any coat, and his shirt was bulged out from the throat to the waist with something lumpy that made him look like a gunnysack full of potatoes. He walked right straight to the back door that was standing ajar, closed it very easy and gentle, locked it and took out the key and put it in his pocket. Paul saw him and shouted out from the bar for him to open that door or he'd pound the daylights out of him.

"The only notice Bismarck took was to come back and shut the door opening from where the tables was set into the bar-room, and put his back to it. At that Guadalupe and the rest of us seemed to get a suspicion that something was happening. At the same time I saw what Bismarck had in his hand, and cold shivers ran up my spine. It was a stick of giant.

"'Chentlemen,' says Bismarck from the door. It wasn't like Bismarck's voice either. It was a sort of hoarse croak. All the same, there wasn't no trouble understanding it. 'Chentlemen,' he says, looking straight at Guadalupe, 'I vant you shouldt all lisden to me, und I vant nopody shouldt leaf until I haf got drough. If some one shall try to leaf I shall hit mit dis chiant on der gap und ve shall all plow to schmall pieces togedder. Dere is more in my shirt—und gaps. If I choomp or fall dere vill be no saloon here, dere vill be no Fritz Schuler, dere vill be no Guadalupe Brown. Dere vill be noding but a hole in der groundt und der drouble all ofer.'

"I have heard speeches that was reckoned effective, but I never seen any effect like that little talk made. There were maybe twelve or fifteen of us close herded in there by that animated dynamite-bin. We was breathing, spitting, laughing, restless, cussing human beings when he began. When he finished we was an assortment of chalk-faced, pop-eyed, slack-jawed petrifactions. Some of us did breathe, because you could hear it, drawed in and out, jerky and short, and you could see chests swell up, hold and collapse, but that was the only sound and the only movement. Guadalupe made just the shadow of a motion with his right hand as he dropped his cards, but it never went farther.

"'Brown, *verdammter Hund!*' says Bismarck, suddenly taking a step toward the table.

"Guadalupe's face began to twitch.

"'Forwhydo you nod shoot? Shoot, you! I gif you leaf. Shoot, cowardt! Here is goot mark.' He put his hand on the bulges of his shirt.

"'Or here,' and he struck his forehead. 'Here is no chiant, skunk, gross vite lifer, dot you are! Lick your libs ad me, cur-dog und feist. Vell? No? You are afraid? Ohf vat—off deat'? Dere is vorse as deat', if you haf a heart in your body. Yes, I know. Shoot, den!'

"Guadalupe's face jerked again, but he didn't say nothing nor do nothing.

"'Oh, if I couldt dell you vat you are,' says Bismarck, and trailed off into a stream of Dutch. Then: 'You shall kill me if I kom vere you are, liar! Sheep's soul! I shpit on you! No? Nod yet?'

"He reached over, gritting his teeth, and slapped Guadalupe's jaws, twice. Guadalupe took it like a kid getting his face washed. The next moment Bismarck had him by the collar and was dragging him out of his chair. Then the terror howled for the first time. 'For God's sake! I'll go, I'll go!'

"What happened after that I can't say exactly, nor anybody else. The minute Bismarck took him by the collar the spell broke and there was a stampede. The ranchman went at the partition door, and it shattered before him, like a circus hoop, and the rest of it went flying as the others jammed it. I was clean to the blacksmith shop before I stopped to take the strap hinge out of the back of my neck. Paul Kleman says he was wiping glasses at the bar when the procession streaked by, accompanied by the wreckage of the partition, and he was surprised; but he wasn't half as much surprised by that as to see Bismarck trail along after, holding Guadalupe Brown by the collar, and kicking him every third step.

"At the door Bismarck put all his heart and the sole of one hob-nailed miner's boot into a parting kick that sent Guadalupe off the sidewalk with a four-foot drop into the street, and then went back and slumped as limp as a rag into a chair and begun to cry.

"When we was eating our breakfast the next morning reference was made to the happening. Quite a considerable. We went over it all a dozen times, I guess, and Lizzie seemed about as interested as any of us. Spurlock, the foreman of the Morning Glory, told about finding the lock busted off the powder-house door, and allowed that it was his solemn duty to fire Bismarck, even if he had to hire him over for higher wages. Sam Hardwick was telling us what he had intended to do to Guadalupe himself if he hadn't skipped, and what he would do to him if he ever came back. We was all so busy we hardly seen when Bismarck came in.

"He shambled up to the table, looking as sheepish as a dog caught sucking eggs and sat down without a word. We all quit talking too, and sort of waited. We didn't have long to wait. Clippetty-clip. Here comes Lizzie with the tray, rosy as the dawn, and a sparkle in her eyes it would have done you good to see. Bismarck kept his head hanging while she unloaded coffee, fried potatoes, graham gems, fried eggs, and the prize steak of the season at his place. But he raised it as she let her hand drop lightly on his shoulder, and the look in his face—and in hers—wasn't meant for a crowd to see.

"'Good-morning, Fritz,' she says.

"'Goot-morning, Lizzie,' says he.

"I got up and waved my hand, and the whole crowd got up like little men, and we tiptoed out and left 'em alone."

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BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
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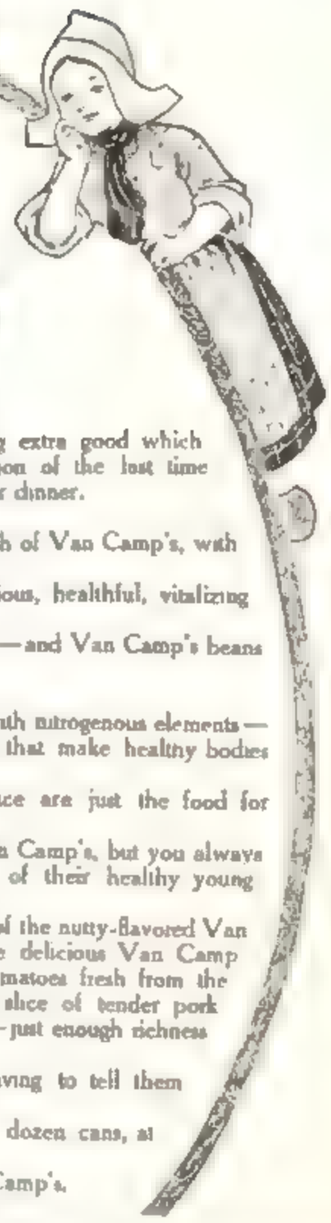

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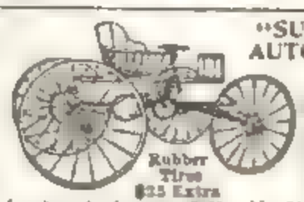

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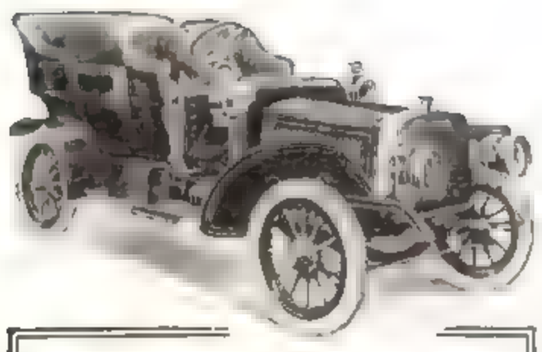

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SWOLLEN FORTUNES

(Continued from Page 11)

A good inheritance tax ought to break up every great estate at the death of its accumulator. A faithful carrying out of Mr. Roosevelt's recommendations would probably bring into our public treasury more than the total of our present national revenues; it might, probably would, lead to the abolition of all taxes on useful production and wholesome consumption. Certainly, no other conceivable tax is so just It does not touch industry; it does not penalize thrift; it does not take from any one anything that is rightfully his.

And what other tax is comparable to it ethically—as a producer of public morality and of private sanity? How could anything but good result from removing from our young men and women who have had the best opportunities the chief temptation to cast aside those opportunities and lead lives of folly and worse? Is there any reason why a parent, through weakness and vanity, should be permitted to tempt his children to destruction, especially when in so doing he promotes inequality, and envy, and hardship, and dangerously false ideas and ideals in the community at large?

Posterity a Responsibility

The chief sufferers by the concentration of wealth are the oncoming generations; the chief object in seeking to stop this concentration is their safety in freedom, in independence, in opportunity, in standards of living. Therefore, the obvious way to disburse the bulk of the revenue from an inheritance tax is in developing the oncoming generations. The human race has never, not even in America, given the education of the replacing generations the thought and care it deserves. There is no word in the language that has been so much or so harmfully abused as the word education. It almost always means, in its popular use, a mere acquaintance with rudiments of knowledge—and often the knowledge is of so little value that education seems to mean rather how not to live in the world than how to live in it. In its true sense—the sense in which it should be used in a democratic republic—education is the teaching of both the science and the art of living.

The freedom of every man is dependent upon the freedom of his fellows. If we are to grow in freedom—and freedom is a big, broad word—we must not leave the right education of our children to chance. It will not do for us to say: "Parents should do their duty," and let the matter rest there. Many parents—the parents of literally millions of children—will not and cannot do their duty by their children. How can a mother and father who have to toil from sunrise to sunset, who are themselves ignorant, who never had a chance to learn—how can they teach their children the science and art of living? It will not do for us to say: "The public school gives a child as much education as it needs," and dismiss the subject. The public schools are good, are better than they used to be. But as yet they cover very inadequately only a small part of the field of real education for the duties and privileges of a democracy.

An Outworn Educational System

We have expanded so rapidly that, without our realizing it, the educational system has fallen far behind. It instructs in some branches of knowledge such children as it reaches; but it does not reach all the children. There are in our country more than 22,000,000 children of common-school age, more than 26,000,000 children of less than twenty and more than five years of age. Of the children of common-school age, not more than half regularly attend even schools open three months in the year, and not more than two-thirds are even enrolled. The common-school age population is thirty per cent. of the total population; the common-school enrollment in the great manufacturing States of the East, where wealth is most closely concentrated, has already sunk to less than eighteen per cent of the total population. In the Middle West conditions are slightly better, but even there the discrepancy between what should be and what is alarms those who realize what the children of to-day mean to to-morrow.

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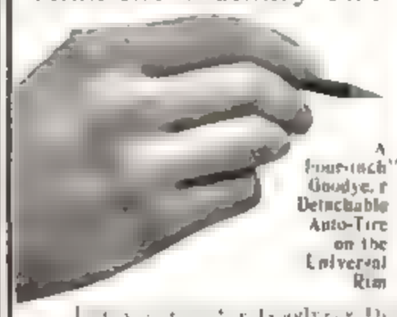

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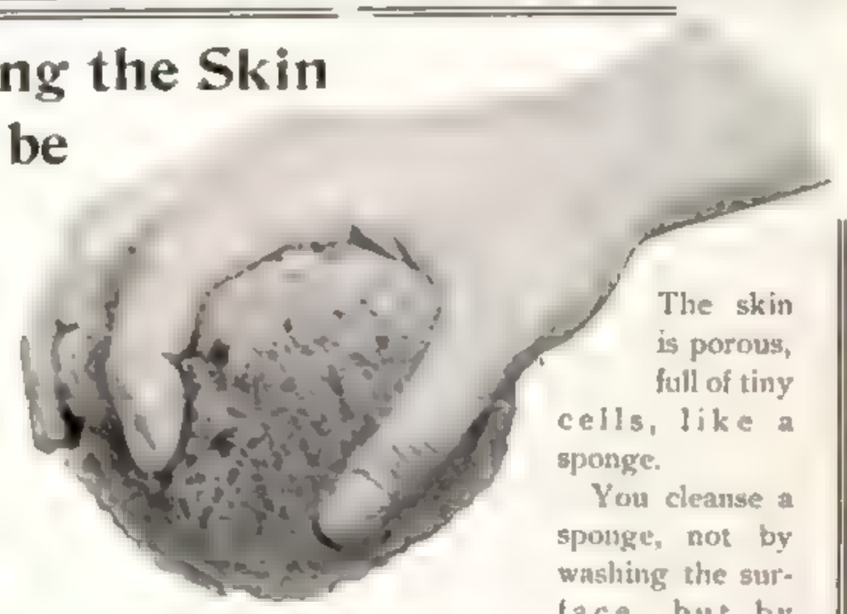
Cleansing the Skin Should be Done as tho the Skin were a Sponge



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opens and cleans out the pores, restoring free excretion and skin breathing, taking out blackheads sallowness and muddiness, animating the blood circulation and flexing the muscles.

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If those who talk so much about culture and refinement would realize that those beauties do not wholly consist in being able to discuss whether the Raphaels in the Louvre are originals or copies, they would be more exercised about this matter of the condition of the children. Growth in real culture and real refinement means first of all growth in sensitiveness on the subject of the well-being of all, especially the children.

Now, these millions of American children, of future American citizens, who are coming on without even a meagre training in the rudiments of knowledge, do not stay away from school through their own perversity or through the perversity of their parents. They stay away because life has become so hard that there is even less time for schooling now than in the pioneer days. The statistics, showing two million children at work in mines and factories, must be supplemented by figures showing the children employed in other ways before the full truth can be known. When, despite our abounding national riches, millions of our children have to toil—not labor, but toil—and cannot get any education whatever, how smug and how wickedly hypocritical sounds the cry of the stand-patter: "All's well! Leave well enough alone!"

Our public life, social and political, is cursed with many corrupt men; but more pernicious still are the men who will not see that, in every important respect, the life of this country has been revolutionized since they were boys. Indeed, it could be truthfully said that the discoveries of science, the inventions and improvements, have radically changed the environment of the human race within a generation—have changed that environment as completely as if we had been whisked away to another planet. And this condition has been intensified in America by the enormous immigration and by the incessant shifting of the population. Where stand-patism is not simply the squawking of vultures, fearful of being disturbed at the banquet, it is the voice of an America of yesterday.

A Million Teachers Needed

We have about half a million common-school teachers now; we should have a million at least. Our very best schools, because of Sundays and holidays and vacations, are open less than six months in the year! Six months was far too long in the old days, when the things taught were all but worthless and the way of teaching an assault upon the intelligence of the pupil. But, nowadays, there is no excuse for such trifling with the rights of the oncoming generations. And under the right system of thorough democratic education, that would include every branch of the development of intellect and character and body, not only would everybody go to school all the year around, but also everybody would want to go. Education would mean a pleasure, not a bore—as much a pleasure as to eat and to breathe. For right education is not mere toilsome preparation for life, but life itself. To learn means to live; to grow means to enjoy.

There are less than two hundred thousand students in our colleges and universities; there should be six million. And the colleges and universities should be reorganized so that the students should be able to earn, and should be compelled to earn, their own living while they were there. What kind of education is it that does not include instruction, practical instruction, in being self-supporting, when self-support is the basis of self-respect?

If this republic is to fulfill its mission, it must have—and it will have!—an adequate system of training for rounded citizenship. It should be made impossible for any private institution in any way to compete with the public schools and colleges—not by forbidding private schools but by making the public schools the best that human intelligence can contrive.

The easy, the sane and the right way of getting the money for this superb investment to increase the efficiency of the American people is by diverting from private abuse to public use the "swollen" inheritances. Let us have done with college professors kowtowing to the possessors of tainted wealth in order to get "benefactions." Let the people pay for their own education and safeguard their self-respect and the self-respect of the teachers.

Our national wealth is concentrated, in large measure, in a few Eastern States, yet it was, and is, the creation of the entire country. So, justice demands that it be taxed nationally, not by States, and that the benefit be distributed evenly throughout the population. This could easily be done—for instance, each State, complying with the national plan for the expenditure of the revenue, could be given its per-capita portion. There is not the slightest constitutional barrier to this or any other project for the "general welfare." Five to four Supreme Court decisions mean nothing—and the howls of the plutocracy's corps of "constitutional lawyers" mean less. The Constitution was made for the country, not the country for the Constitution, and the men who made it knew what they were about. There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent us from correcting any injustice, nothing to forbid us to save ourselves from an internal peril greater than any foreign foe.

In addition to education, there are many other matters that are justly entitled to a share in the resources from reappropriated wealth. Our national Department of Agriculture has been steadily expanding, but it needs still further expansion. A rural population has other and equally great values besides its business of raising the food supply; and every facility should be provided by an intelligently-conducted nation for developing the agricultural districts, for making life on the farms equal in comfort to city life. Every man should be more or less an agriculturist, and every child should spend at least part of the impressionable period in or near the country. A kindred matter is a perfect system of highways, and this will presently be seen at its true importance by every one, as the utilities of the automobile are developed. We are doing something toward reclaiming arid lands; we must do still more. One-third of our continental area is as yet not even surveyed. While, in the present state of our knowledge, much of this is agriculturally useless, most of it needs only the efforts national enterprise alone could put forth to make it ready to receive a vast population.

But, after all, the proper education of the Americans of this afternoon and to-morrow is the paramount consideration. If that is looked after, everything else will take care of itself.

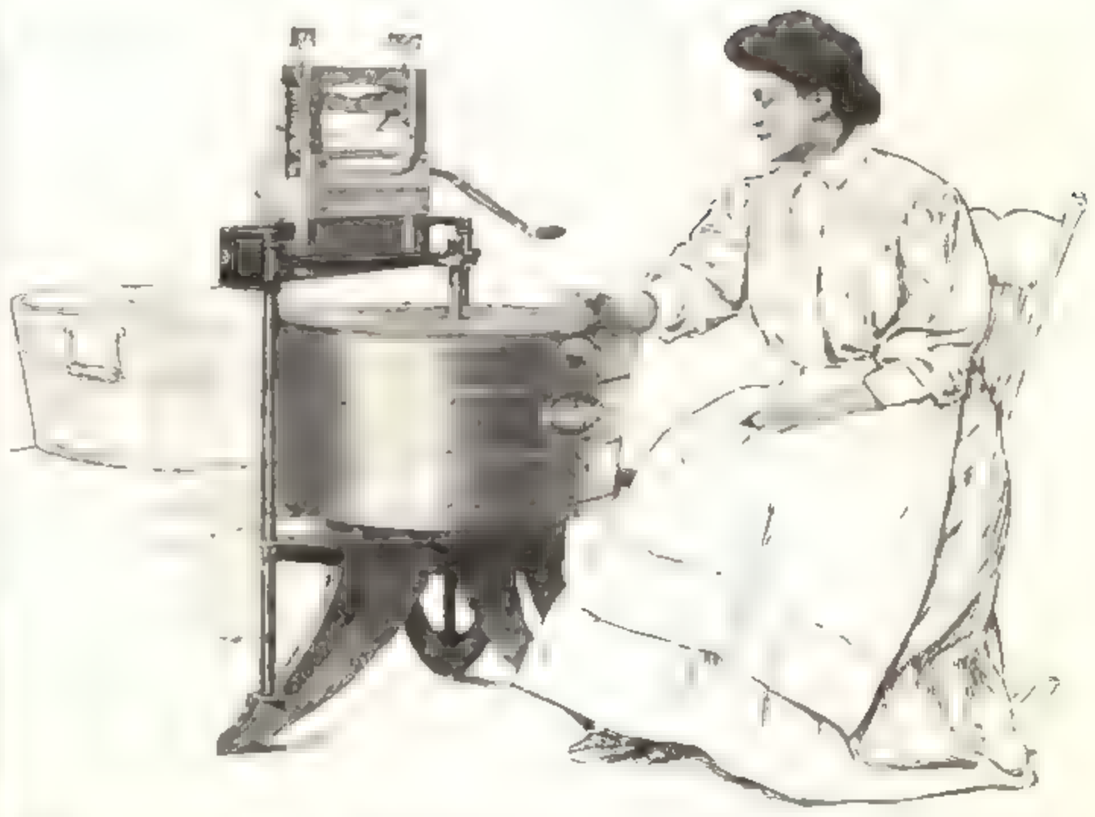
Education is the remedy for most of our evils and shortcomings; and the remedy for the rest is more education. Education, the best possible education—and for all! For the men, and for the mothers and wives and sisters of men.

A Long Step Forward

Clearly, President Roosevelt's proposals are the next long step forward. Let those who are alarmed lest "enterprise" be curtailed reflect that concentration of wealth *kills* enterprise. Let those who are disturbed about the losses of a few dozen or a few score prospective heirs to vast estates bear in mind that the chief inheritances for a self-respecting man are a good ancestral reputation, and the capacity to do a man's work in the world, and the opportunity to do it.

Civilization would not perish utterly if no man had four or five palaces, or forty servants, or time to learn to drive a four-in-hand, or millions to squander on old paintings and old tapestries fresh from the manufactories of fakes.

Luxury is not a fit environment for a human being; neither is hardship. There is no reason why, in this country and in this era, any one should be subjected to either extreme. The public does not permit parents to treat their children with the cruelty of severity; why should it permit parents to treat their children with the cruelty of too much kindness? Why should we insure bad citizenship by allowing the few at the top and the many at the bottom to be destroyed? Common-sense shows us that the only permanent happiness, the only joy with no discount in after-regret, comes through honest work. Common-sense teaches us that children who are coddled perish just as utterly as do children who are exposed. We are in business as a democratic republic to give everybody a chance, to make everybody wish to live better to-morrow than he did to-day. Where conditions are bad they must be made better. Where they are good they must be made better. Where they are the best possible they must be made better; for to-day's best is to-morrow's not so good, and is day-after-to-morrow's very bad indeed for this day and generation.



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Your clothes last twice as long.
You save time—labor—and money.
You wash quicker—easier—more economically.
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Read part of our free offer.
Say you are willing to test a 1900 Gravity Washer.
I will send one to any responsible party, freight prepaid.
I can ship promptly at any time—so you get your washer at once.
Take it home and use it a month. Read your washings with it.
And, if you don't find the machine all I claim—if it doesn't save you time and work—if it doesn't wash your clothes cleaner and better—don't keep it.
I agree to accept your decision without any back talk—and I will.
If you want to keep the washer—as you surely will when you see how much time, and work, and money it will save you—you can take plenty of time to pay for it.

Pay so much a week—or so much a month—as suits you best.
Pay for the washer as it pays for you.
I make you this offer because I want you to find out for yourself what a 1900 Gravity Washer will do.
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Over half a million pleased women can tell you what my washers will do.
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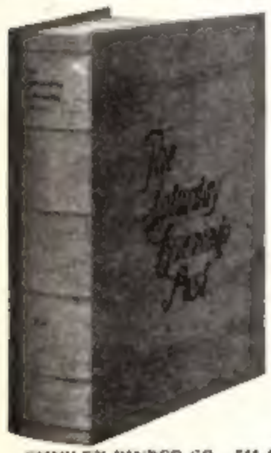

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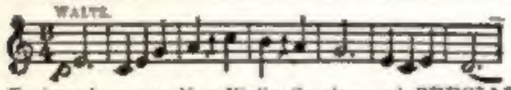

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SENSE & NONSENSE

Those Puzzled Porkers

"SOME time ago," said the traveling man from Little Rock, "I was horseback-ing through the woods in that frontier portion of our State in which the hogs still run wild, with an occasional homœopathic dose of corn to keep them reminded that there are ties that bind them to mankind. In a heavily-timbered tract I came upon a big herd of porkers that were behaving in the most remarkable manner. They would run madly in one direction for a hundred yards or so, squealing vigorously and hopefully, then stop, sniff the air, utter a shriek of disappointment and make an equally mad dash at another angle. I watched them some time without being able in the least to fathom the mystery.

"Half a mile farther on I came to a cabin in the woods. An old man sat on an inverted keg beside the doorway, smoking a corn-cob pipe. The quandary of the pigs was still torturing me, so, as soon as we had passed a perfunctory 'Howdy,' I said to him:

'Stranger, I passed a lot of hogs down there in the brush just now that were behaving very strangely. They would start and run at full speed in one direction, then stop and take a fresh start some other way. Can you explain it?'

"'Yas, stranger, I reckon I kin,' he replied in the stage whisper that had characterized his first greeting. 'Them's my hawgs. I ust t' call 'em up an' feed 'em now an' then, but t'other day I lost m' voice an' I tuck t' callin' 'em by poundin' on a tree with a stick. An' now them d—n woodpeckers has got 'em crazy.'"

Over the Telephone

Hello! Hello!! What's that? Hello!!!
Say, Central, give a man a show!
Yes, this is hell! Excuse me! Nell!
Won't I get what? How do you spell—
Who was that lobster butted?—say!
I can't stand here and yell all day!
Connect me with that line again!
When did they call? Fine service! When?
Just now? Please give me two-four-nine!
Hello! Now, Nell! Keep off this line!
You want a card of what? Oh! Lard!
I understand! You want a yard——
A yard of what? A yard of glue?
I have it now! A yard of blue——
Blue what? A yard of blue and white——
I see! A yard of blue, and light——
You want a yard of light blue—— Ripe?
Ripe what? Ripe tripe? I get it—stripe!
You want a yard—How's that? Wash milk?
I see!—of blue, white-striped, wash silk.

—*G. D. Whisler.*

Strenuous Rosenthal

ROSENTHAL, the pianist, has a repertory of eight or ten languages. But his knowledge of idiomatic English has not always been sufficient to enable him to follow all the critics have said this season about his pyrotechnic playing. The other day, reading over the latest batch of clippings in his manager's office, he suddenly asked:

"Vat iss 'Fourt' of July' interpretation? Here is one vich says dat."

"Fourth of July?" was the reply. "Don't you know the Fourth of July? Why, in this country the national holiday—everything noble and patriotic—George Washington—Battle of Bunker Hill—the Declaration of Independence——"

"Aha! I see," said the pianist, turning to the next notice. "Un grand compliment!"

The Crimson of Old Harvard

AT THE banquet in Hotel Somerset, Boston, by Harvard men to the 'Varsity crew of 1906, President Charles W. Eliot, lapsing into a reminiscent mood, explained the origin of crimson as the Harvard color, saying:

"Professor Agassiz and I were on the six-oar crew, the first crew to represent the college. One day we came into Boston and purchased six large, crimson handkerchiefs for the crew.

"They were of a deep crimson, and from that day to this crimson has been the college color."

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Sampson Rock of Wall Street

(*Continued from Page 17*)

or farewell phrases. Sharpe took up a private telephone that hung from the wall near the ticker, and said:

"See how Roanoke is and what buying orders are under the market. Be quick!"

He walked quickly into the adjoining room, where a confidential clerk at an upright desk kept the memoranda of his operations. There were at least a dozen telephones in this room, each in its individual booth—so that the man at the other end of each line might hear only what was meant for his ears. Sharpe called up one of his numerous lieutenants:

"Hello? Go over to Virginia Central and see what you could get for five thousand shares if you had them to sell."

He walked back to his office as the bell of the telephone by the ticker rang. The man he had sent to the Roanoke "post" was reporting.

"Well?—What?—Sell a thousand every eighth down?—Where is Dunlap?—Hurry back and sell five thousand. Don't give them away, but get them off quickly."

The confidential clerk tapped on the open door and Sharpe returned to the telephone-room to hear his lieutenant's report.

"What is it?" He spoke impatiently, so that by his voice the broker at the other end of the wire knew his chief was frowning. "What?—Three hundred at forty-eight and one-half and two hundred at forty-eight?—Nonsense! There must be more wanted."

His scowl took on an expression of anger and malignity. Jimmy Hopetoun said there were no buying orders in Virginia Central excepting four hundred shares on the specialists' books. It was a trap, and the taint of the deceit exasperated him as though it were an insult to his brain and to his unerring instinct. The Great Southern had not bought the control of the Virginia Central; the Roanoke crowd had tried and failed; therefore Rock had a lot of the stock on hand, and was shrewd enough to conceal the fact by taking no steps to keep the price up, as a less able man would have thought it wise to do in order to market his now useless holdings. Instead, Rock was encouraging short sales by obtuse traders; *they* might sell enough to give him what market he wanted, or at all events enough to make them suffer and thereby reduce the final costs of the retreat to Rock. Sharpe was pulling nobody's chestnuts from the skillfully concealed fire; but by and by he would start that same innocent-looking and ostentatiously unprotected Virginia Central going down.

He read on the tape: "Roanoke, 1500 at 79½; 2000 at ⅞; 500 at ¼; 2000 at ⅜; 500 at ½." It held fairly well. Other brokers than Rock's, evidently, had buying orders. He took down the wall-telephone and, without lifting his gaze from the sliding tape, he spoke into the transmitter: "Sell ten thousand more, carefully, but quickly.—Yes, Roanoke!"

He stepped back to the ticker and, leaning an elbow on a corner of the little machine, watched the tape unblinkingly. Presently there came: "RK 1000, 79½; 100, ⅝; 1500, ½; 1000, ⅜; 5000, 79; 1700, 78⅞; 1000, ¾; 1700, ⅝; 2000, ½."

He had sent his message to the stock-market and his words were heeded. Other stocks hesitated; then they began to follow Roanoke. The room-traders, vulturelike, scented easy money and flocked to the Roanoke post. They asked for no reasons; they sought no explanations; they perceived with their own eyes that the selling was more aggressive than the buying; therefore the dollars were at the bottom of the hill, not at the summit; therefore they began to help Sharpe, unaware that they were helping anybody but each man his own bank-account. As the price yielded their hopes became certainties, and they sold more confidently, with the confidence of men who might fire a load of birdshot into an election-night crowd in order that at least one shot would lodge in one man.

Sharpe went to his desk and telephoned to his chief confidential broker—the man to whose advice and restraining influence so much of Sharpe's success and reputation as a great stock manipulator and a marvelous judge of market conditions were due.

"Hello, Jim! I wish you'd offer down Roanoke for me without losing much stock. I have a few thousands out.—Very well.—Pool? That's all right; it will go down just the same, pool or no pool.—You don't think so? Well, just you watch it and see.—I understand Rock is not in his office. Find out, will you? If he isn't, do your worst and have a man to report his return. I hear he wanted the Virginia Central and there was going to be a great hurrah.—Well, he didn't get it.—What's the odds who's in the pool? It's going down.—They can't buy the entire capital stock, can they?—Get busy, Jim."

He rose frowning: he did not like Jim to disagree with him. The news of the strong pool—James Allsopp knew nearly everything that went on in Wall Street—did not bother him, because he knew that Rock's pools were always blind pools, the management of which was left entirely to Rock. He rang up little Hopetoun, the best disseminator of "tips" on Sharpe's staff, the most skillful preacher of the gospel of discontent in the Street.

"Jimmy, Roanoke is going down. The boys can safely help it along."

It was enough; the boys made money following him, until they overstayed the market. It saved him commissions in some of his bear campaigns.

With Jim Allsopp's manipulative orders and Hopetoun's freely-distributed tips the big boardroom began to boil. Roanoke was the storm-centre. About that post a hundred greed-maddened men were shrieking—buying and selling, making money and losing it—at the top of their voices. And the price of Sampson Rock's pet stock began to give way, slowly at first, obstinately, stubbornly, like a very powerful man fighting a crowd, and then a little faster, but still too slowly for the mob that had scented money and were fighting to get some of it. It was down to seventy-seven when Gilmartin's news came out on the news-tickers, as well as on the pink slips taken into the commission-houses by messenger-boys, who darted in shouting "Rush!" and bolted away again like mad on their way to another office to startle. And what the Street read—and believed, because the tape corroborated it—was:

> There is the very highest authority for the statement that the deal for the acquisition of the Virginia Central by the Roanoke, on which the recent rise of the latter was entirely based, has fallen through. The deal was expected to carry Roanoke to par. The frantic selling by the overloaded insiders started the break. The control of the Virginia Central, whose strategical value and possibilities of development are well known by railroad financiers, will not pass to the Roanoke, but to another road, probably the Great Southern. The plans of the Roanoke management were comprehensive, but the control of the desired road was indispensable. This was not obtainable. It is said the inside pool bought 100,000 shares in anticipation of the successful completion of the deal. It is undoubtedly that stock which is now being sold.

Every trader who was neither blind nor deaf was now selling Roanoke and buying it back in fear of a rally, and selling it again because it did not rally, until the road to great and sudden wealth, instead of being a precipitous mountain-path, became a toboggan-slide with millions in gold eagles at the bottom and shovels and horses and wagons close by. And in commission-offices, the men who were long of the same stock saw the toboggan-slide—only that at the bottom they also saw the yawning chasm into which they might dump all they owned in the world, and to the chasm it would be as a grain of sand; so they merely let a few hundreds or a few thousands drop. That is, they sold their stocks and cursed; and then they shuddered at their narrow escape, for the price was going lower and lower, toward the bottomless pit.

Of a sudden an adventurous trader discovered the defenselessness of Virginia Central and began to sell it, without thought and therefore without fear of a trap—the trap which was not exactly the trap Sharpe had expected, but was nevertheless a trap for bears, by reason of the small available supply of the stock.

Sharpe had smelt it from sheer force of the habit of suspicion or his wonderful instinct as a trader.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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